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Physics and Metaphysics, by Bertrand Russell, on page 910

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Dead Hands

THERE is an interesting discrepancy between the specifications for the Pulitzer prize awards and the character of some of the books crowned this year by the judges. The novel chosen to "present the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood" was Thornton Wilder's literary phantasy of Peru; the play chosen to "represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners" was O'Neill's powerful study of an egocentric and predatory woman with a fixation, and a slant toward polyandry and nymphomania.

At least one dead hand has been lifted from literature. In 1920 it is alleged, that the Committee refused to award the Pulitzer prize for fiction to "Main Street," the outstanding book of the year, on the ground that it did not present a "wholesome" picture of the United States. When, later, the award was given to "Arrowsmith," Lewis refused to accept it, and had reason, if not wisdom, on his side. But now judges have discovered that a book does not have to be about Sandusky or Philadelphia in order to be American, and they have learned that a play may deal with quite appalling ethics and yet be a moral influence.

This right-about face is significant. The Pulitzer prizes are the most important awards given to literature and literary scholarship in this country. In cash value they are only one-fifth to one-tenth the sums given annually for prize novels by publishers, but in prestige and in real indication of merit, they are worth five times as much. The contrast between a list of Pulitzer books and a group of prize novels is striking.

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And if in changing the plain meaning of "good manners" and "American" in the terms of the award, the judges have departed from the intention of the founder, it is not because they intended to cut loose from its leading strings an award of such importance, nor indeed in all probability because of any conscious purpose at all. They have responded, as we all are doing, to a change in the content of the words themselves. The idea that a play or a story which advertises a set of "principles" held by the best people in the last generation thereby advances the cause of morality, is no longer tenable. More boys were probably set upon the primrose path by the books of crystallized morals given to children to read in the nineteenth century than by all the dime novels; more girls went wrong because their parents tried to break their will to moral inessentials than from reading amorous fiction. The platitudinizing moralist, preaching damnation for every change from nineteenth century customs, has been regarded as an infernal nuisance for four decades at least. Travelling on Sunday, reading novels, playing cards, dancing, mixed bathing, the theatre, free thinking, and intellectual badinage, all of which were once labeled vices, if not sins, have been quietly dropped from the guide book of certain roads to hell; but the feeling that a good book must either leave moral questions alone, or be constructed upon a conventional virtue-rewarded basis, has persisted in the best families. A moral book was a book that taught familiar morals. An immoral book was a book where the ethical problems were either unsolved or solved by unfamiliar equations. "Tess" was immoral in the nineties, moral by 1910, because the sympathies of the readers had changed faster than their conception of a static morality.

But to call "Strange Interlude" a play that raises "the standard of good morals" is quite different. By no casuistry can this drama be said to inculcate ethics—unless in its warning against father-daughter, lover-sweetheart fixations. It does not teach, it investigates; it does not lead, it follows the changing complexities of conduct. Whether this purely analytic attitude makes the highest art is not a question we raise here. What is significant is that without protest, or even a grimace, a prize committee recognizes as self-evident that a play which makes

(*Continued on page* 912)

The Upper Mowing

By HELEN HARTNESS FLANDERS

I KNOW a meadow pitched beneath the sky
As bosom to the shouldering crags that lie
Grey-sharp on blue; where all the winds ride high.

Deep sunk in grass, the sun beats with the heart,
Releases it and lulls it to be part
In the earth-beat, as where first pulses start.

Long hills flow downward to the river's blare.
Its thin far noise comes dim along the air
And valley-thoughts are dulled in rising there—

There, where I'm bounded only by the grass,
Four fitted corners; and the clouds that pass;
Where what I am refuses what I was.

This Week

"Heredity and Human Affairs."
Reviewed by *Ellsworth Huntington.*
"The Campus."
Reviewed by *Frederick P. Keppel.*
"May Alcott." Reviewed by *Honoré Willsie Morrow.*
"Mary Todd Lincoln."
Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*
"The Cambridge Ancient History."
Reviewed by *M. Rostovtzeff.*
"Catherine-Paris."
Reviewed by *Arthur Ruhl.*
"Daisy and Daphne."
Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*
"Flamingo."
Reviewed by *Ernest S. Bates.*
Two Books on Physics.
Reviewed by *N. C. Little.*
Translations from the Chinese.
By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"Lawrence and Hergesheimer."
By *Henry Seidel Canby.*

Liberty for Mistress*

A Review by WILLIAM MACDONALD

IT would be difficult to find two biographies more completely different in substance, manner, and point of view than are these two biographies of Lafayette. Mr. Sedgwick undertakes to let Lafayette and his contemporaries "speak for themselves," and to portray Lafayette's character "in its larger outlines" even at the expense of passing lightly over "long periods of his life." He does not claim to be impartial, for, as he says, no man can be that. "We are all swayed by a host of prejudices, by nationality, by natural tastes, by education, by the peculiar circumstances of our interests." He has not begun his book however, with "any conscious partiality." The duty of a biographer, as he sees it, is that of a juror: "he should listen without bias to all the evidence, and make up his mind solely according to that evidence." Were there any fixed rules about biography, he might well have added, to complete his illustration, that the juror must also act upon the evidence with due regard to the law as laid down for him by the court, but there are no canons, and Mr. Sedgwick is free to interpret the evidence as the truth seems to him to require.

Mr. Delteil is equally concerned with the evidence, but in a wholly different way. "Needless to say that, in my opinion, to relate the life of an eminent man is not to report facts and action, but to *invent* his soul. What I love in a great man is myself. My hero is my 'ideal self.' Have I depicted Lafayette as he was? I have depicted him as I like him, anyway. I *admire* Napoleon; I *like* Lafayette." And before this, but in the same breath: "I have made him a pure sentimentalist. He was a great poet, one of the greatest the world has known. Lafayette's life illustrates brilliantly the power (and the limits) of the heart. Therein he is unique, true brother to Jeanne d'Arc. Lafayette, or the genius of the heart."

After such declarations of faith one is prepared for anything; for hero-worship, at least, in either case. Mr. Sedgwick's hero-worship, if he will allow the term, is much the more restrained. He rehearses with detailed care, and in a style which the events themselves, rather than any notable literary skill or grace, make interesting and at times vivid, the well-known story of Lafayette's life in its three important episodes—the years of youthful adventuring in America, the stirring times of the French Revolution when he was "master of the fate of France," and the revolution of 1830 when, "after a long eclipse, a second time he held that fate in his hands." The Lafayette whom he pictures is "not a great man, but a great-hearted gentleman, a worthy countryman of Jeanne d'Arc."

Nature had not given him ten talents; she bestowed upon him zeal, courage, energy, honesty, frankness, simplicity, perseverance, a flaming enthusiasm for what he deemed high causes, a disposition so graced with charm that his wife, his family, his friends adored him, and—a rare quality of ambitious men—a power of admiration, and what is perhaps rarer still, a hero to admire worthy of that admiration.

There is nothing to add to Mr. Sedgwick's appreciation of his own work. The book does not offer us new facts, and there is less than the words just quoted might seem to indicate in the way of novel

*LAFAYETTE. By HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1928. $5.
LAFAYETTE. By JOSEPH DELTEIL. Translated by JACQUES LE CLERCQ. New York: Milton, Balch & Co. 1928. $4.

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interpretation. It is, rather, a sterling narrative of an active, eager, enthusiastic life crowded with adventure and romance, not wanting in frailties and streaked with indecision at crises, thrust repeatedly upon the mountain and relegated as often to the plain, but imbedded, almost from its beginning, in the everlasting remembrance of two nations each of which it served with passionate devotion in anxious times.

Mr. Delteil sees things differently. A penetrating look at the record, and there emerges from his canvas a romantic personality wrestling with events as a poet or an artist might wrestle, mixing sentiment with practicality, more or less obsessed by words and formulas about liberty and the people, governed by his heart as often as by his head, but an alluring personality notwithstanding. Bacon's famous phrase does not hold here, for Mr. Delteil's Lafayette was born great, achieved greatness, and had greatness thrust upon him. There goes Monsieur de Lafayette, galloping down the centuries," somebody shouted on July 14, 1790, in the Champ de Mars, and Mr. Delteil follows with admiration the figure on the white horse.

* * *

The blot on the scutcheon, as Mr. Delteil looks it over, is a curious lack of virility; and upon Lafayette's sexual shortcomings he dwells with a zest which the scrupulous in such matters may perhaps think would better have been bridled. A youthful affair with Marie Antoinette, devoid of the climax which the turbulent emotions of the Queen expected, earned him her undying hatred. "I could not have believed," said Napoleon to Lafayette years afterwards, "that human hatred could go so far." "Lafayette never knew love: not, at all events, Franco-Judaic love, hairy, chesty love. I see him," continues Mr. Delteil,

> As a sentimental lover, a pure one, a great one: that and nothing else. He has no senses. That sharp and sloping brow never knits, never tightens. Those large level eyes are flat. He has no nose, and the rune runs: *No nose, no sex!* (sex, the stronger sex!) All that is carnal, lionish, incarnadine, wheezing and a bit barbarous in your true male, Lafayette lacks. The spread of the chest, the furnace of the veins, the vast odor of Nature; he has none of it. . . . . A man in two dimensions: he lacks the beautiful third. No hair, in Samson's sense. He drinks water, and water breeds hydrogen. Women play no part in his life, a blank, zero. I could swear he never betrayed his wife. For all the good his senses did him, he was virgin to his death. . . . . Dammit, the man has no entrails; he is all heart! Sterile? I think not. But I feel complete deviation of the senses: a kind of terrible deflection of his narrow, all senual energy turned to ideology . . . . His heart he gave his wife; but his sex to liberty. Liberty for mistress. That makes his case a tantalizing one, mysterious and attractive. . . . . For his fellows he has a twofold appeal: one for the collector of curios, one for the lover of logic.

How much of all this is solid fact, and how much a decorative background for the display of literary artifice, the reader may be left to judge for himself. Fortunately, it does not prevent Mr. Delteil from writing passages which are substantial as well as scintillating, or driving deep the likable human impression which he obviously wishes to convey. His description of Lafayette's childhood life in Auvergne, of his extraordinary experience with Marie Antoinette, of his days at La Grange, and of his death are striking examples of the French impressionistic manner. Mr. Sedgwick, too, although more straightforward and less self-conscious, describes effectively the chief episodes, keeps Lafayette always in the proper position on the stage, and quietly enforces the conclusion that the man, in spite of what was spectacular about him, was taken seriously then and is to be taken so now. Hydrogenic Americans, one may suspect, will prefer his book to Mr. Delteil's because, among other things, it brings Lafayette within the field of their national experience and comprehension, but they will miss some of the qualities that made Lafayette a hero to the French if they do not read Mr. Delteil's lively pages also.

A notable collection of the works of Horace Greeley has just been acquired by the Library of Congress from the Rev. F. M. Clendenen of Chappaqua, N. Y.

It includes books, pamphlets and articles by and about Greeley. In the list are volumes of journals edited by him, bound files of Greeley's *New Yorker* and *The Jeffersonian*, a set of scrapbooks containing a miscellany of newspaper clippings, lectures and letters, and notes in Greeley's own peculiar handwriting.

Eugenics

HEREDITY AND HUMAN AFFAIRS. By Eward M. East. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by Ellsworth Huntington

IF there were any question as to public interest in the great problem of eugenics, all doubt would be dispelled by the writings of 1927. During that year Mr. A. E. Wiggam published his third book on the subject, "The Next Age of Man"; Professor E. A. Ross, under the striking title of "Standing Room Only?" issued a volume warning us of the dangers of overpopulation and assuring us that the only road to safety lies in eugenics; Mr. L. F. Whitney and the reviewer (in "The Builders of America") attempted to show that natural processes are already beginning to protect us against these same dangers; while many others treated the subject from all sorts of angles.

One of those others is Professor Edward M. East of Harvard. Although his "Heredity and Human Affairs" contains material that is also included in each of the other books mentioned above, it has a distinct character of its own. One way to judge of its character is to see how its ideas as to a sound eugenic policy compare with those of the other books. All the authors agree that such a policy must include the forcible prevention of reproduction among the obviously unfit by segregation or sterilization. All likewise agree that another step is the spread of birth-control among the lower classes, the main appeal being to the self-interest which makes people desire to lessen their burdens. Here our various authors begin to part company, or at least to display different degrees of optimism. Professor East is the least optimistic, perhaps because he is a biologist. He does indeed point out the highly hopeful fact that among the Jukes family, who are famous for their badness, the birth rate has fallen almost as fast as among the Edwards family who are famous for their goodness, even though Clarence Darrow has much to say to the contrary. But what bothers Professor East is not the million of the Jukes type, who can be sterilized, or even the million of the Edwards type, who self-control themselves into extinction. His worry is over the twenty million "defectives who will be the active agents in a great proportion of the anti-social acts committed. If their activities are to be restricted in any way, other than eugenic means must also be sought. . . . Social inadequacy can never be eliminated by any combination of eugenics and euthenics. The poor of body and the poor of mind will be with us always, as long as the world lasts."

It is not quite clear why Professor East is so hopeless. The other authors, to be sure, paint an equally dark picture of the economic and political consequences which will overtake us unless we adopt a national eugenic policy. But Ross, who thinks that such events are almost on our heels, does not deny that they may sift mankind so that the new race is better than the old. Wiggam, with the ardor of a crusader, cannot help believing that the future will be far better than the past. Huntington and Whitney put the matter in still another light, for they say that nature, without any conscious act on the part of man, is already beginning to accomplish what all these eugenic writers so eagerly desire.

Professor East's tendency to see the difficulties becomes still more clear when he discusses the problem of raising the birth rate among the more competent portions of society. Like all eugenists he is persuaded that this is most desirable, but "preaching large families among the more intelligent people is hardly a solution. The wise will never compete with the foolish in the matter of reproduction." Professor Ross is only a little more hopeful; Mr. Wiggam sees vague signs that the upper classes are not wholly oblivious to the desirability of having more children; Messrs. Huntington and Whitney give figures which show that in the United States the people at the very top in character and achievement have distinctly larger families than do the rest of the upper classes; while Dr. Karl Edin, a Swede, has recently told us that in Stockholm the condition which all our eugenic writers sigh for has actually begun to exist—the birth rate among the more competent and intelligent classes is higher than among the less competent and less intelligent.

In the face of such diversity of opinion concerning so important a question, no intelligent person can afford to be ignorant of all sides of the problem. Professor East's sound, interesting, and carefully considered book is just the sort of source from which to get a clear idea of the basic facts as to inheritance. The reader will be well rewarded by an excellent discussion of the mechanics of heredity, as well as by hearing why women are presumably as intelligent as men, how alcohol and inbreeding influence heredity, and what proof there is as to the innate ability of the negroes. He will be interested to hear of the effect of modern democracy in lessening rather than raising the percentage of leaders derived from the lower classes. If he is philosophically-minded he will greatly appreciate the careful discussion of the way in which racial mixture and especially the sexual as opposed to the asexual method of reproduction hastens evolution by increasing the number of varieties among which environment is able to select those best qualified for preservation. The whole broad theme of the relation of heredity to environment is very ably handled and forms the culmination of the book in both interest and value. Professor East is fairly positive in his opinions, but he backs them up by facts.

Undergraduate Life

THE CAMPUS: A Study of Contemporary Undergraduate Life in the American University. By Robert Cooley Angell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by Frederick P. Keppel
Carnegie Corporation

WHEN we use the word "campus" we think of the life of a college or a university from the point of view of the student rather than from that of the professor or of the world without. Not a few writers have attempted recently to set forth this point of view, usually in the form of fiction and not particularly good fiction at that.

Professor Angell's book on the subject, which he calls "The Campus," discusses the whole question in a dispassionate, common-sense way. He has been trained in the appraisal of social problems and he is fortunately young enough to understand young people. The book has one defect which the author himself recognizes, namely, that so far as direct experience goes it is based on a single institution, the University of Michigan. The result is that while the picture is admirably typical of the coeducational state university, it is less so of the separate coeducational college, Swarthmore or Oberlin for example, and it differs in important respects both from the city universities and from the men's and women's colleges. It is true that the author has supplemented his direct experience by a study of recent available publications, but the book misses the influence of things that are in the air at these other places. As a result he fails to give full credit to the leadership of the women's colleges in stimulating the intellectual interest of students, and the quite remarkable recent growth of these interests in the student body at Dartmouth, Princeton, Yale, and Harvard. Just now the newspapers are making fun of the recent competitive general examination between the two last-named institutions, but that the competition has been held is an interesting and serious matter. Professor Angell would have derived comfort from the present feeling of experienced alumni secretaries that the athletic bonds tying the alumnus to his alma mater are wearing thin and that some way may be found to supplement them by intellectual ties as well.

Other points upon which further information would be useful include the effect on the Campus of the interest in the Arts, and in the Drama particularly, which is spreading like a wave over the country. A comparison with European conditions would be a help, and particularly with those of the English universities, where the unwritten objectives are closest to our own, but where student life has developed the art of conversation, an art in which our own young people are signally lacking. Canadian college life has also its lessons for us.

It is to be hoped that Professor Angell's excellent, if somewhat limited, treatment of this subject will inspire other contributions to it. The Campus and all that it implies affects a very large portion of our population. If we include the generations of young people either preparing for college, now there, or recently graduated, and if we add their parents, the total runs well into the millions. Higher education is also one of the most expensive investments. The value of college property and the endowment back of it are estimated to exceed a billion dollars each, and society in one form or another pays three hundred million dollars annually to support the Campus.

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An American Family

MAY ALCOTT: A Memoir. By CAROLINE TICKNOR. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1928.

Reviewed by HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW
Author of "Father of Little Women"

MAY ALCOTT was the Amy of "Little Women," the youngest of the children of Bronson and Abba May Alcott. She was petted and protected by the older girls and her parents and so knew less of the hard grind of poverty than they and was robbed of some of her spiritual birthright thereby. Miss Ticknor has allowed May to draw her own portrait, by giving us the long correspondence between May and her mother, when May went abroad, and Louise adds a good many subtle touches in her diary, where there are numerous references to her struggle to give May the pretty clothing, the educational and social opportunities which the younger sister craved.

One gets a vivid picture of a tall blonde girl, not pretty but with dash and style and a spontaneity of wit that is decidedly attractive. Selfish, yes, and too willing to accept sacrifices on the part of Anna (Meg) and Louisa. But, like a good many selfish people, so appreciative and so grateful—after the sacrifice has been made—so free in denunciation of her own grasping, that one forgives and loves her the more.

* * *

Miss Ticknor presents May's story practically without embellishment and with no attempt to interpret. The book is the more effective for that. Through the childish diaries we watch the growth of the very human little girl into the talented woman. We follow her to Europe with Louisa, wishing somehow that "Marmee" might have had the tour before May took her turn. And then with unqualified sympathy and interest we read May's fine letters to her mother describing her work, her growing successes, and, finally, Ernst whom she is to love and marry, despite the fact that he is so much her junior. Her death after the birth of her baby daughter and the coming of the baby to America to be Louisa's child is told with exquisite poignancy by quotations from Louisa's diary.

One finishes Miss Ticknor's book with the feeling that she has made a solid contribution to our conception of one of our few really important American families: important because they expressed the best of the early American type. For you can't barge about for several years among the letters and diaries of the New Englanders of the two generations represented by the Alcotts without realizing that they do portray the type of thought and endeavor that gave us whatever intellectual or spiritual distinction we had or have among nations. And that like those other "big chiefs," the Indian and the buffalo, they have slipped over the horizon forever.

It seems to me that it is as one of a family that we ought to think of Louisa May Alcott. For as the precious records so long cherished in the old Thoreau house in Concord are placed within the editor's reach, we realize that the father, the mother, and the other sisters were of as rare and fine a flavor as Louisa. More than that, while most of the other mental giants of that day, as Emerson, Webster, and the Adamses, also had families, the Alcott family alone survives for us as an entity. This is partly because Bronson handed on his genius to his children, which is more than was done by Webster or Emerson, and partly because he taught his children how to record themselves on paper, then cherished these records and left them for the future to recognize and value.

And so we are getting the rounded picture to which Miss Ticknor has added another figure.

* * *

They were not at all a democratic family. They believed in an aristocracy; the aristocracy of brains. You could be a lady and wear mended gloves or no gloves. But you couldn't be a lady and speak bad English. An adequate education was more important than sufficient food or clothing: not merely the three R's, but something that smacked of true scholarship. Poverty was uncomfortable in the degree to which it distracted one's attention from things of the mind and spirit. People who sought money for money's sake belonged to the outer pale.

Next in importance to intellectuality ranked simple goodness expressed not so much in concrete religion as in a frank everyday struggle to be something more than decent: kindness, sweet temper, charitableness, industry, cheerfulness. Without these homely virtues, one's intellect was warped. Nor did one struggle to acquire them secretly. One talked and wrote about them as a matter of intense and common interest.

The third ideal peculiar to this early American group was its sense of responsibility for the political standards of the country. This had little to do with factions, but everything to do with the varied interpretations of the Constitution which was still so new that people were perpetually conscious of it as a way of life. The Websters, the Emersons, the Adamses, the Alcotts, and all their kind were determined that the self-seeking, loud-mouthed politicians should not be permitted to make interpretations that would be crystallized into the customs of the country. And so they thought and talked and wrote a great deal about the philosophy of government. Mrs. Alcott's unpublished letters to her brother who was a Unitarian clergyman are full of intelligent comment, often biting, always constructive, on many of the organic laws as the Congress turned them out. She saw to it that her children understood them, too, and argued about them with her neighbors.

So it is that these families whose intellectuality had freed them from the narrowness of Puritanism without losing one iota of its chastity of thought or motive were extraordinarily important to America's beginnings. What their significance was in detail, how much we owe them, what we are losing that they gave, it is the job of a different kind of biography to show.

It has been the accepted practice for the biographer to choose the distinguished member of such a

Oliver Herford's view of Hearst as an office seeker. "The Yellow Peril," from *Life*, August 17, 1922.
From "Hearst," by John K. Winkler (Simon & Schuster).

family and write his public story. Usually, alas, he has been restricted for lack of material from pursuing any other method. But with the Alcotts a new attack is possible. After all, in the last analysis, a nation is only a vast collection of families and its truest history would be told in terms of family. And if we want to discover why we are not English or German or French let someone write a rounded account of all the Alcotts. It will contain the very finest essence of Americanism.

Lincoln's Wife

MARY TODD LINCOLN: AN APPRECIATION. By HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW. New York: William Morrow. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MRS. MORROW'S interesting book unites with the recent publication of Dr. William E. Barton, "The Women Whom Lincoln Loved," to fill a gap which has existed for an astonishing period. Research upon Lincoln has attained the proportions of a vast flood. No episode in his life is too minute to receive exhaustive attention. Yet until now his wife, the mother of his four sons, has been totally neglected. When Mrs. Morrow began her inquiries, she found almost nothing authentic in print concerning Mary Todd Lincoln. Nicolay and Hay had barely mentioned her; diaries, autobiographies, and histories dealing with the period passed her over almost in silence. Only one magazine article had been printed concerning her. The outstanding exception to the rule of neglect was furnished by the inaccurate and malicious biography of Lincoln by his law partner Herndon, or rather that written from Herndon's materials by Jesse Weik; and this treated Mrs. Lincoln with gross unfairness. Gossip, based partly on the Weik-Herndon strictures and partly on prejudiced tales set afloat during the Civil War, had long represented her as a shrew, loud-tongued, narrow-minded, jealous, and subject to "tantrums" of anger in which she literally rolled on the White House carpet.

Pursuing her researches, gathering a line here and a page there, Mrs. Morrow arrived at the conclusion that Mary Todd Lincoln was "one of the most lied-about women in the world"; and that, far from being an unmanageable vixen, she was a long-suffering, noble, and likable woman. She has written this volume to present her view. Let it be said at once that she by no means elevates Mrs. Lincoln to saintliness. Her book shows that she was vain, flirtatious, and capricious; that she made a peppery and captious wife, whose temper at one time actually did prevent Lincoln from spending his evenings at home; that her extravagance in dress, while she was in the White House, piled up a perfect nightmare of debt; and that her weakness after Lincoln's death, when she consented to a public auction of some of her effects, brought her terrible and not wholly undeserved humiliation. Yet Mrs. Morrow does succeed in proving that she was a remarkable and in many ways an admirable person, and that she played a great rôle in Lincoln's career.

* * *

She was remarkable, to begin with, in that she was an exceptionally cultivated daughter of the frontier. Reared at Lexington, Ky., near Clay's home, in a community of well-to-do and well-bred people of Virginia blood, she was privately tutored in languages and attended an academy which attracted even Northern pupils. She spoke and read French with facility—which was one reason why when mistress of the White House she was a favorite of the diplomatic corps. She appreciated good books, and became known in Springfield for her literary taste. She was remarkable, again, in her ambition. It was a more steadfast and intense ambition than Lincoln's, it aimed at higher goals—her refusal to let him accept the governorship of Washington Territory is well known—and it stimulated her husband to keep up the struggle for recognition when he might have sunk into a comfortable law practice. "Until 1858," Henry B. Rankin, who studied in Lincoln's office, has testified, "he needed influences outside himself to push him to the political front and hold him there. She gave him this unstintingly." Unquestionably she was a little impatient and nagging when he seemed indolent or fell into one of his deep spells of silent melancholy; but whatever her methods, she did thrust him forward. She was remarkable, too, in her intense likes and dislikes. With her cutting tongue she could and did make enemies; Herndon was one, Secretary Chase was another. She thought McClellan "a humbug" because "he talks so much and does so little;" she told Lincoln that Grant was a "butcher," and she bitterly opposed the appointment of Andrew Johnson as military governor of Tennessee, telling Lincoln that he would "rue the day." Plainly she was a woman of perception. Plainly, too, she had qualities that were a useful complement to the great gifts of her immortal husband.

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Mrs. Morrow's book contains much that is appealing, much that is informative, and one bit of narrative that is genuinely tragic. This is the essay which traces Mrs. Lincoln's sad and shabby career from the assassination in 1865 to her death in 1882. It were better if she too had died at Booth's hand. She had piled up an incredible debt for finery, chiefly at A. T. Stewart's New York store—a total of $27,000. The President had saved little. Congress granted her $23,000, the remainder sum of Lincoln's salary for the year 1865. After paying part of her debts, and placing Robert in a law office in Chicago, she found that she had, as she complained to a friend, "not the means to meet the expenses of even a first-class boarding-house." In confusion rather than desperation, she made the ghastly error of giving a New York auctioneer some jewelry, dresses, shawls, and other possessions to sell publicly, at the same time issuing an ill-tempered letter in which she denounced Seward, Thurlow Weed, Henry J. Raymond, and others for frowning upon a plan to raise money for her by voluntary subscription. The result was a chorus of gibes and sneers from the Radical Republican and Democratic newspapers. *The Cleveland Herald* accused her of plundering the White House of $100,000 worth of furnishings; Thurlow Weed publicly asserted that she had sold eleven of Lincoln's new linen shirts before his dead body had left Washington for Springfield. Senator Charles Sumner, always a staunch friend to Lincoln and to her, came to her rescue, and introduced a bill in Congress for a Federal

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pension. There was another chorus of derision and denunciation, in which Congressmen and editors commingled their howls. Yates of Illinois declared that she had sympathized with the South and given treacherous aid to the enemy—an old wartime lie. Edmunds of Vermont was implacable in his opposition. Not until 1870, and then ungraciously, reluctantly, and by the close vote of 24 to 20, did the Senate consent to a meagre $3,000 pension for Abraham Lincoln's widow—at this time living in what approached indigence. She did not suffer from poverty the rest of her days; but ill health and the loss of her beloved Tad made them unhappy.

Mrs. Morrow has added a useful book to the literature upon Lincoln. Its form is not happy, for it alternates plain essays in biography with bits of fiction in a disconcerting way. A final good-measure essay on "Some Popular Fallacies About Lincoln" is not wholly successful. For example, she denies that Lincoln told risqué stories, partly, it appears, on the ground that nobody has ever repeated any of them to her! In this matter an ounce of good positive evidence is worth a pound of negative evidence, and the direct testimony of various men—for example, Henry Villard in his "Memoirs," Vol. I, p. 94—is irrefutable. But the book fully achieves the author's intention of vindicating Mary Lincoln against baseless slanders, and of presenting a full, accurate, vivacious portrait of her.

Ancient Greece

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. Edited by J. B. Bury, S. A. Cook, and F. E. Adcock. Vol. V. Athens, 478-401 B. C. $7. Vol. VI. Macedon, 401-301 B. C. $9.50. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927.

Reviewed by M. Rostovtzeff
Yale University

IN my last review of the "Cambridge Ancient History" I was still asking the question for whom it was written and whether the book was a success. My queries are now definitely solved. It is a success both from the commercial and from the scientific point of view. It has found its public: they are teachers of ancient history both in England and in the United States, younger scholars and the like. And for all who are using it, it is a great help: its lucid presentation of facts and problems, its sound and not exaggerated critical point of view, its measured and perfectly adequate judgment of men (individuals and groups) and their actions, its excellent up-to-date bibliographies, chronological tables, maps, indexes, and last but not least its copious and excellent illustrations (a special volume gives a set of first-class plates which reproduce the most important monuments of the ancient Orient) make it both a pleasure and a relief to use the book when one wants first-hand information on the facts and problems of Ancient History.

The first three volumes of the work were somewhat chaotic in their composition, the contributors varying widely in their manner of presentation, in their style, and method of treatment. It was inevitable in a field so little investigated from the historical point of view, so unevenly illuminated by our sources, so little connected in the interrelations of its various parts. With the fourth volume, which covered the period of the Persian Empire, of the rise of Greece, and of the beginning of the conflict between Persia and Greece, the task of the editors and of the contributors became easier and the flow of their narrative better coördinated. Of course in treating the history of Greece at this period it is easy to take the history of Athens and of Sparta for the history of Greece. However, the editors and the authors of the various chapters on the history of Greece have done their best to avoid this inevitable distortion of proportions. With the help of inscriptions and of archæological material it is nowadays much easier to see the variety of historical life in the various parts of Greece.

Still easier than in the fourth volume was the coördination of material in the fifth, which is devoted to the history of Greece after the Persian War and culminates in the history of the Peloponnesian War. As in the earlier volumes of the "Cambridge Ancient History," the various subjects treated in this latter volume are distributed among various scholars. This system has its merits and its drawbacks. I understand that the history of Greece after the Persian and before the Peloponnesian war is treated by one man, the Peloponnesian war by another. But I fail to understand why the Peloponnesian war should be treated by two different authors however congenial they may be.

The history of the fifth century B. C. is generally acknowledged to be a field in which Oxford and Cambridge men excel. Every don in these universities is a specialist in this period of Greek history, since the teaching of classics in Oxford and Cambridge is concentrated on the so-called classical period of Athens. No wonder therefore that almost all the contributors to this volume are Oxford and Cambridge men. The economic background of the fifth century is explained in a masterful way by Marcus N. Tod (Oxford), one of the masters of Greek epigraphy. The political history of 478-445, the structure of the Delian confederacy, and the leading features of the Periclean democracy are chronicled in a beautiful style and with many acute and new remarks by E. M. Walker, a figure well known to all who know Oxford and are interested in the history of fifth-century Athens. Attic drama in the fifth century is the subject of a chapter contributed by J. T. Sheppard of Cambridge (I wonder why when an English scholar comes to treat literature his style becomes at once involved, pompous, florid, and sometimes little intelligible). The story of Western Greece is set forth by R. Hackforth of Cambridge. With chapter VII begins the history of the Peloponnesian war. The first part of it is told by F. E. Adcock, one of the editors of the "Cambridge Ancient History," and the second by W. S. Ferguson (Harvard). The latter is the only contributor to the volume who is not an Oxford or Cambridge man, and his presence in it is a great tribute not only to his scholarship but to American scholarship in general.

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The chapters of Adcock and of Ferguson are the climax of the volume. I have rarely read as masterful a presentation of this decisive and tragic episode in the history of the ancient world. Both scholars recognize the mistakes and the dark sides of Athenian democracy. However, they never exaggerate. Their own sympathy is with Athens and with democracy. Again and again they point out the great heroism of Athens in times of distress and the fervent love of the Athenians for their city. Was it an historical necessity that Athenian democracy should have created the greatest civilization in world history and the worst possible form of government as regards foreign policy? The late J. B. Bury, whose death is a tremendous loss to the study of ancient history, concludes the history of the Peloponnesian war by sketching the intellectual background of it—the main lines of the age of Illumination (the Sophists and Socrates). The volume ends with an excellent characterization of Herodotus and Thucydides, by R. W. Macan, whose leadership in this field is generally recognized, and with a masterful chapter on Greek Art and Architecture by the new professor of Art and Archæology at Oxford, J. D. Beazley (sculpture and painting) and D. S. Robertson, Cambridge (architecture). It is a real pleasure to read Beazley's chapters: his analysis of the progress of ancient sculpture, his remarks on the sculptures of Olympia and those of the Parthenon are real jewels all the more to be appreciated when the volume of illustrations is before the eyes of the reader.

* * *

Volume VI deals with the political decay of Greece, with the revival of Persia, and with the rise of Macedon. I do not object to the inclusion in this volume of the chapters on Judæa, by S. A. Cook, and on Egypt, by H R. Hall, (though I do not regard them as necessary), but I regret that their inclusion prevented the editors from introducing many more necessary chapters into the volume. I miss bitterly a chapter on the economic background of the history of Greece in the fourth century. We have remarks on it interwoven into the various chapters on political history, but we have no general picture of evolution, no comparison between the conditions of the fifth and those of the fourth century. Nor do I find in any of the chapters but that on Egypt an adequate characterization of the tremendous expansion of Greek civilization to the West and to the East in the fourth century. For the West the gap will be, let us hope, filled by an adequate treatment in the subsequent volumes on the pre-Roman civilization of the Samnites (especially Campania), that of Central Italy (including Rome), and that of Etruria in the fifth and fourth centuries. For the East, I am afraid, it will not be possible any more adequately to characterize the hellenization of many parts of Asia Minor in the fourth century (e. g., the kingdom of Mausolus). And last but not least there is no chapter on the early evolution of the northern neighbors of Greece, those Illyrians, Thracians, and Celts who loom so large in the political history of the fourth century and appear in the "Cambridge Ancient History" quite as suddenly as Athena out of the head of Zeus. To take up the early history of these nations in connection with the Roman conquest is a method both antiquated and inefficient. In the history of the intellectual life of Greece in the fourth century I miss bitterly a chapter on Greek oratory, as important a creation of the Greek genius of the fourth century as the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle.

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Let me, however, deal with what we have in this volume, not with what we miss. The chapters on political history are as excellent as those of volume V, especially those of Dr. M. Cary and those of W. W. Tarn. The new orientation of Greek history during the ascendancy of Sparta, the short period of life of the Athenian League, and the Theban hegemony, is excellently illustrated and explained in a new way and by new methods by Dr. Cary. Two interesting chapters on Macedon and Philip are contributed by A. W. Pickard, Cambridge. Most attractive are the chapters of W. W. Tarn on Persia of the fourth century and on the events of the age of Alexander. Tarn has shown with full evidence that Persia was not at all a "negligible quantity," but was as strong and rich as in the fourth century. Earlier, had it not been for the personal defects of Darius, the task of Alexander would have been still more difficult than it actually was. The story of Alexander is told in a fascinating way, his character explained and his aims stated with great intuition. It is the best history of Alexander I have ever read in spite of the fact that I do not agree with many a statement of the author. There is a little too much of intuition in defining the leading motives of Alexander and in describing him as a pioneer, not only in military affairs, but also in the general conception of the world and of the relations between men. I must mention in describing the part devoted to political history that the last literary production of the late Professor Bury is his chapter on Dionysius of Syracuse printed in this volume.

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The achievements of Greece in the field of art and thought are set forth in three excellent chapters: that of F. M. Cornford on the Athenian philosophical schools, that of E. Barker on the Greek political thought and theory, and that of Beazley and Robertson on Greek art and architecture. I have nothing to add to what I have already stated on the excellence of the short treatment of Greek art by Beazley and Robertson. It is marvelous how Beazley can condense in a few sentences a world of images. The chapters of Cornford and Barker are masterpieces. However, I am not sure that the chapter of Barker, excellent as it is, could not have been incorporated into the chapter of Cornford.

All in all, the new volumes of the "Cambridge Ancient History" are the best modern guide for anyone who wishes not a mere sketch of the history of Greece but acquaintance with all its problems and facts. In this regard they are much better as a guide than the famous history of Greece by J. Beloch which is full of personal views and personal animosities, and they are as good as the classical book by E. Meyer—and perhaps better since they are up to date.

It is stated that the Russian experts are engaged on a film version of Karl Marx's "Das Kapital." Naturally the Soviet, holding the views it does, troubles little about interest.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Dagger-Strokes

CATHERINE-PARIS. By PRINCESS MARTHE BIBESCO. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE thing that really interests Princess Bibesco in this unusual and in many ways distinguished novel, is to play with the most delicate irony and malice, from the standpoint of Paris and the French spirit, over the supposedly inferior societies and spirits of all the rest of pre-War Europe—in particular over the gaucheries and more or less medieval pomposities of the peoples beyond the Danube and Vistula.

Her story, as such, interests her little except in so far as it prepares for and contributes to this end. That is to say, she expends the most painstaking and affectionate care in creating her heroine, this "daughter of a Rumanian noble who had been educated on the banks of the Seine, and of a mother who had visions."

She gives her blood so good, as blood was understood when the "Almanach de Gotha" was a book to be taken seriously, that she has relatives in all the courts of Europe; and at the same time cuts her roots with eastern Europe, and sets her little Catherine down in a rookery in the Latin Quarter, to be educated by a pair of mellow old French scholars (friends of a mother who prefers a Paris garret to a palace in the Pruth marshes) and be brought up on French history and mythology and a mixture of Racine and republicanism. In other words, she creates a charming young woman, who will presently marry one of the most splendiferous Polish titles and fortunes, be dragged in state through the courts of the Hapsburgs, Romanoffs, Hohenzollerns, and some of the lesser east-European princes, and yet be able to look at everything in Vienna, Berlin, and Petersburg, with the clear, ironic, and condescending gaze of an intellectual Frenchman.

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Having done this, having flashed her diamond-studded dagger over most of Europe and the "Almanach de Gotha," it remains for Princess Bibesco (not to be confused, by the way, with her relative by marriage, the former Miss Asquith) to give her heroine a real love story of her own. And that is not so easy. For after having made fun of everybody and everything for the better part of her book, and made all else seem barbarous as contrasted with *la ville lumière*, she must needs "go some" in order to set her perfect Catherine securely above the rest. The latter's romance with Robert, the exquisite aviator, has a touch of the movies; the fussing over passports, frontiers, and so on when the lovers are separated by the War is ordinary enough; and the author, after piercing, with astonishing versatility and the deadliest accuracy, the banalities of others, ends by being slightly banal herself.

The writing, originally in French and well translated by Malcolm Cowley, is a continuous shower of epigrams, and of balanced sentences in which the blows are struck in the "one-two" fashion of the boxer. "Adam"—for example—

> was accustomed to courting only two kinds of women—those one needn't marry, and those who were married already. Thanks to this principle of conduct, he had reached the age of thirty-seven without losing the liberty by which he was enslaved. So fatally a prisoner that he could be delivered only by the warden of another jail, he passed from shackle to shackle, and from cell to cell, always held a prisoner, always under guard; and his life, which his family compared to that of a butterfly, was really that of a convict clanking his chains.

There is little left of Adam Leopolski, the Polish nobleman whom Catherine married, when the author gets through with him—of him, and his people, and all their habits and points of view. She handles everybody in that "little old" pre-War Europe, where everybody was related to everybody else and wars, as she puts it, were merely the extension of nursery squabbles, without gloves, from Emperors, up and down, and often by their real names.

> . . . The margravine could no longer pass from one idea to another, but only from one person to another, according to the laws of the court circle. Round this imaginary ring she galloped like a circus rider, jumping, as she passed, through the hoops of silence which were held out to her; but if she had to stop before one person who held an empty hoop, she had nothing more to say . . .
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> . . . Catherine found that Russian novels attenuated Russia. It was more like Gogol than Gogol himself. At her sister-in-law's receptions, there were as many Anna Kareninas as there were tea-cups . . . Commiseration was the principal element in the charm of the Russian family; they sighed indiscriminately for friends, enemies, and the whole world. "Poor" was a word which they used to qualify people and things without distinction of species. Whether a man was good or evil, he could be sure of receiving pity instead of praise or blame. Princess Anna would say in one breath "Russia, that poor immensity!" and "My maid, poor Céline!" As for her husband, he was in daily contact with the man he pitied most of all—the Tsar . . .

Bits like the above are characteristic of Catherine's manner of viewing that pre-War Europe of cousinly dynasties which, already, has drifted back into that late-afternoon light which bathes an *ancien régime*. Princess Bibesco sends home her swift little dagger-strokes no less effectively in the region of moods and motives than in that of external customs and manners. As a novel in the ordinary sense of a human story, "Catherine-Paris" does not fly very far nor high, but as an exercise in the art of witty comment as it was once practiced in France and a comprehensive picture of the whole upper social layer of a certain period, it is distinguished and delightful.

ROSE MACAULAY

The Human Quandary

DAISY AND DAPHNE. By ROSE MACAULAY. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ONE has been accustomed to speak of the cleverness of Rose Macaulay. She is indubitably clever; but her latest novel shows her at her best as a humorist. The humorist sees the sorry show of life with a clarity that does not dishearten, and yet not entirely as a target for wit. The humorist is more humane. Presenting the humorist's dues to existence, a two-sided coin is proffered. On it a smiling mask is uppermost, but a tragic mask is the obverse. You have only to turn the coin over in your hand.

However, such a simile makes a rendering of indebtedness to life like "Daisy and Daphne" seem too hard and compact a book. It is a book strongly fibred, but most certainly it is not hard. One turns, rather, to a parallel drawn from dietetics. It is "rich in vitamins."

Rose Macaulay has always shown her interest in the sciences, including political science. In the light of science she sees human beings as great oddities, naturally. Yet her humanity, shown best in this her latest novel, is profound. One of the book's prefatory quotations is a remark to be found in the works of William Dean Howells, to the effect that no one can be said to have a fixed character. "We all have twenty different characters." Taking this true observation for her premise, she proceeds with her story.

Her earlier chapters are nicely managed in withholding effectively the relationship of Daisy to Daphne, which is then neatly "sprung." The chief female character in her novel is a thoroughly real girl, in her shortcomings as well as in her virtues. A number of the subordinate characters are most amusing. The little girl, Cary, in her badness and her goodness, is triumphant portraiture. Better than most treasures that in books are found is the satisfying full-length likeness of Mrs. Lily Arthur. What a gallantly comfortable woman! And those are only two of a small but vivid gallery, masterly drawn. Of course, one likes the "plain people" best. And it is quite evident that so does the author.

Idealism, hard work, snobbery, love, the necessity for discretion,—and what is a girl to do? What are we all to do, for that matter, Miss Macaulay says at the end. Raymond, for instance, might have done considerably better. But he is a convincing person, and, in many ways, a decent fellow. Circumstances—points of view—mostly it is points of view that get in the way. One doesn't see the other person clearly; or, rather, you see one person, you focus on that; you don't see the others. And we are all composed of "others." Or most of us are. And, in spite of that, we want a clear picture of the loved one; not a composite photograph. There is a catch-phrase of the world, concerning supposedly satisfactory people, "You always know where to find them." Do you? Or, if you do, are they so satisfactory? It is doubtful. Still, the pluralness of most of us enormously complicates life. Except that—what is life *but* complications?

Miss Macaulay has presented this human quandary of ours with the mellowness of true maturity. She can expertly blend comedy with tragedy. She does not flinch from uncomfortableness. But the irremediable is never irremediable, to the humorist; because the kaleidoscope is always turning, and new patterns form. That is how things happen. A great many things are very bad; then something laughable pops up; suddenly everything is laughable. Tragedy is there, always there; but the world, as the old popular song used to say, goes on just the same. Daphne, after extreme misery of spirit, goes on—with Daisy. The generality take their suffering rather bravely. She is of the generality. Triumph and disaster, Mr. Kipling once told us in an otherwise somewhat sententious rhyme, are both imposters. That is true. The humorist knows it deeply, and is absorbedly interested in imperfect people. In this her latest novel, Rose Macaulay is possessed of the genuine humorist's deep and unsentimental sympathy. And she has wrought her material into an unusually satisfying book.

Metropolis

FLAMINGO. By MARY BORDEN. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

MARY BORDEN is all that the usual American novelist is not—or rather, she is perhaps all that he is, plus further qualities that dwarf the usual ones into insignificance. Thus, although she has written excellent satire she is not primarily a satirist, and although very much alive to the thrill of the senses she is not primarily a sensationalist. Her work is dominated by other elements: a fine intelligence, active, skeptical, and searching; a poise so sure that she does not fear either passion or enthusiasm; a synthetic power of welding character and scene into a single whole; a far-reaching and yet tightly knit imagination. Mary Borden, in a word, is distinctly a major writer. In her intellectual energy she reminds one a little of H. G. Wells, if one can imagine an H. G. Wells without arrogance or special pleading. In her hands criticism and representation of life are so tightly intertwined as to be inseparable.

The technique of "Flamingo" shows a splendid scorn for all the popular devices of the novel. In the first two hundred pages there are hardly more than a dozen of dialogue, and in all that space nothing whatever seems to happen. A group of characters in New York; another group approaching across the Atlantic; the lowering shadow of the metropolis extending over both; that is all. But every member of each group and the city that is to bind and break them become ardently alive in these two hundred pages—alive yet immobile, green gods of the mountain, about to spring into tremendous action yet strangely tarrying. It is as if we were being taken through the inside of some enormous machine and were shown its wheels and bands and cylinders, its saws and blades, until we grasp its potential power and impatiently long to see it start; then (at about page 200) slowly and imperceptibly the wheels begin to turn; they move faster and faster with increasing momentum; and we perceive with terror that men and women are being ground up in it and that no human power can stop it.

The excellence of the individual characterization in "Flamingo," the picture of the demoniac personality of New York, Miss Borden's sense of the poetry of industry, her *flair* for the mechanical, her running commentary on both American and English life, are noteworthy. But they are all subordinate to the impression of high and fateful tragedy.

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Physics and Metaphysics

THERE is in our time a widening gulf between the scientific specialist and the ordinary intelligent man. This was very much less the case in former times. In the eighteenth century everybody of intellectual pretensions, at least in France, was more or less acquainted with Newton, who had the same kind of vogue that Freud has in our day. In the nineteenth century the most sensational piece of science was Darwinian evolution, which was easily intelligible to any educated man. But during the present century the things of most importance in science have occurred in physics, and have involved for their understanding exceedingly difficult and abstruse mathematical reasoning. So abstruse and difficult has this reasoning become that even distinguished physicists have had to stand aside. The general reader knows that odd things have been discovered about relativity and about atoms, but he is aware that whatever attempts he may have made to find out what it is all about have not met with as much success as he might have hoped. Now all this would not have mattered if the new physics had had for its content merely specialized advances in the later parts of a very well developed science. If that had been the case, the matter could have been left to the expert, and the general public would have confined itself to benevolent neutrality.

The new theories in physics, however, are not only new in mathematical technique or in the results at which they arrive; they are new also in their general point of view, in the character of their reasoning, and in the metaphysic which inspires their hypotheses. This aspect of their work is only accidentally involved in mathematical technicalities, and can with a little trouble be so presented that intelligent laymen, at any rate the younger of them, can understand it and appreciate its importance. There is of course, as in any rapidly growing subject, still controversy and uncertainty, but both sides in a controversy of physicists are advocating theories alien to educated common sense, and the theories of both sides have something in common which distinguishes them from the theories of former times.

* * *

Applied physics, that is to say, everything that is used as yet in industry, and even in such modern developments as radio, still uses older conceptions which are on the whole consonant with educated common sense. The newer physics as yet has not become embodied in anything commercially useful. There is no reason to suppose that this state of affairs will continue. The theory upon which radio depends existed for many years before it received practical application. I am not, however, concerned in this article with the impossible attempt to forecast the inventions which may hereafter utilize the modern developments of physics. What I want to do is to suggest the changes in popular metaphysics which must come about, if the new physics is to produce the same kind of influence upon our outlook that was produced in the eighteenth century by Newton, and in the nineteenth by Darwin.

I think that if we were to search for one short phrase to characterize the difference between the newer physics and that of past times, I should choose the following: *The world is not composed of "things."* To the metaphysician this is no new idea, but in the past the metaphysician could not point to the technique of science as being on his side, and he was therefore unable to combat the popular metaphysics which survived contentedly alongside of his speculations. Nowadays, physicists, the most hard-headed of mankind, the people associated more than any others with the intellectual and mechanical triumphs that distinguish our epoch, have embodied in their technique this insubstantiality which some of the metaphysicians have so long urged in vain. "We are such stuff as dreams are made on" was once a piece of poetic imagination; now it is among the presuppositions of physics.

It seems probable that if the ideas underlying modern physics ever become apprehended by the ordinary educated and half educated person, they will greatly modify his outlook upon life and politics, not to mention religion and criminal law. I shudder when I think of the revolutions required to adapt ourselves to the ideas of Heisenberg and Schrödinger, which are in many ways more strange than those of Einstein. We should have to begin by altering grammar completely; our grammar is based upon the belief in permanent things. A series of different apparitions, changing gradually as time goes on, are linked together under one name, say John Jones, and are said to constitute one person. If one of these apparitions runs away with a leg of mutton, it is thought right and just that one of the others should be shut within the four walls of a prison cell. If we did not imagine that the person we imprison is the same as the person who stole the leg of mutton, we should be less convinced of our right to shut him up, and if we went on to realize that there are no legs of mutton and no prison walls, we should feel still more reconstruction of our traditional notions to be called for. I do not mean to say that there are no prisons, but as has been said before: "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." I think, however, that the poet did not quite know what does make a prison, and if he did, he might have been puzzled to express it in verse. A prison consists of a very large number of matrices, and a matrix is an infinite rectangle of integers. To define a cage is a most complicated problem in a very modern branch of mathematics called topology, which is only properly understood in two universities, one that of Princeton, the other that of Moscow. If any of my readers wishes to know what a cage is, I advise him to write to Professor Veblen of the former university, but I cannot guarantee that the reply will be intelligible.

* * *

When I say that there are no "things," I shall perhaps at first convey no definite idea. I will try to explain what I mean. Suppose that on a dark night you see the beam from a searchlight, or a lighthouse, moving about the sky, or sweeping over the sea, the beam in some sense preserves its identity, and yet you do not think of it as a "thing." Or again, suppose you hear "The Star-spangled Banner" sung; it is one tune, but you would not think of it as a "thing": it is a series of notes, and the notes themselves are essentially brief. When I say that there are no "things" I mean that tables and chairs and loaves of bread and so on are really just like the beam of light and the song. They are a series of more or less similar phenomena, connected, not by substantial identity, but by certain causal connections.

This, however, is no new suggestion. It was made by the early Buddhists in the time of King Asoka. At this point, however, we arrive at another innovation, an innovation concerned with the idea of cause. The early Buddhists had a firm belief in causation, and upon this belief they rested their metaphysics and their ethics. Newtonian physicists had a firm belief in causation, which was an essential element in eighteenth century materialism. The man of science, and still more the philosopher interpreting science, would have told you, until lately, that a belief in rigid causation is an indispensable postulate of science. All this seems to have grown doubtful. Causation, like every other traditional notion, appears to be concerned with what happens to things in the mass, not with what happens to them individually. Whether causation is, or is not, rigidly applicable to the most minute phenomena of which we are at present aware is a doubtful question, which is being discussed by German physicists with a detachment as astonishing as it is praiseworthy. Perhaps the reign of law will get itself re-established, perhaps not. Apparently science can adapt itself equally well to either alternative. The laws of science, as they have been known, are concerned with what usually happens approximately, not with what always happens exactly. Men have been misled by the precision of the mathematical instrument into the notion that the mathematical laws of physics were not only precise but exact. Perhaps the difference is not at once clear, but a simple illustration will make it so. If I say that a man is six feet high, my statement is precise, but is practically certain not to be exact, that is to say, I am making an assertion which is not exactly true. If I want to make an assertion which is exactly true, I must make one which is less precise, such as that he is within a quarter of an inch of six feet one way or another. The traditional laws of physics are like the statement that the man is just six feet high: they are precise, but probably not quite true. The newer laws may perhaps be quite true, but they have lost something of the old precision. The older physics was based upon somewhat gross observations of large objects. (I mean by a large object anything bigger than an atom.) It was found that certain precise mathematical laws fitted the behavior of these large objects within the limits of observation as they then were, and it was assumed that these precise laws were not only precise, but exact. This latter assumption is being dropped, and the older laws are being regarded in the light of statistical probabilities analogous to the statement that if you toss a coin often it will come equally often heads and tails. In fact it seems that everything we see is a statistical probability. A colored surface, for example, represents the statistical probability of quantum changes in a certain region. Continuity, which used to be thought to be of the essence of nature, is now thought by some to be only a continuity of probability. The individual phenomena according to these men are discontinuous jumps within atoms, but the probability of a jump occurring in any particular place varies continuously with the place, and this probability is really what we see when we think we see a table or a chair. When Dr. Johnson kicked a stone in order to disprove Berkeley, he was, if we are to believe these physicists, kicking a statistical probability, and the consequent pain in his toe represented the statistical probability of an upset to the atoms in that part of his foot.

Let us not, however, suppose that we are still to be allowed to believe in atoms and electrons, except as convenient fictions like John Jones. An electron consists of a series of sets of phenomena in places where it isn't. What are these phenomena? The only ones of which we have any direct knowledge are our own perceptions. If there are others we know little about them beyond the mathematical laws which they approximately obey.

* * *

The normal beliefs of the normal man, as well as all his standards of value, depend upon a radically different outlook. A man wants, we will say, to be a "dynamic personality," but would perhaps feel this desire less strongly if he realized that nothing is "dynamic" and there are no "personalities." When I say this, I mean it of course in a Pickwickian sense. For certain rough practical purposes something not grossly untrue may be conveyed by calling a man a "dynamic personality," but if we were to try to state at all accurately what it really amounts to to be a "dynamic personality," I think the charm exercised by the phrase would largely disappear. I will omit the word "personality" for the moment, since I do not wish to touch upon psychology. The word "dynamic" will afford quite enough food for thought. When we call a person "dynamic," what we mean, as nearly as I can gather, is that he causes a great deal of motion of matter. Seeing that there is no such thing as matter, and that motion has become a completely vague idea, it is evident that the word "dynamic" cannot retain the force that it used to have. Perhaps, however, we might give the word a different meaning. We might say that a "dynamic" person is one who desires some state of affairs considerably different from that which he finds existing, and whose desire is subsequently realized in a manner which common sense regards as partly caused by him. This definition, however, is not quite sufficient. It would, for example, apply to a man who in a drunken fit knocked over a policeman. We do not regard him as a "dynamic personality," because we realize that his desire to knock down a policeman is connected chemically with the properties of alcohol. I think it is essential to our conception of a man as a "dynamic personality" that we should think that we know the effects of his actions, but that we should not know their causes. There are therefore two different solvent criticisms. There is in the first place an older type of criticism illustrated by what we said just now about the drunken man, according to which a man's desires and actions are caused by things outside himself, so that he is not more dynamic than a water pipe; and then there is the newer type of criticism, according to which the old idea of

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By Bertrand Russell

cause is vague and popular. I should not go so far as to say that a man actually is what he seems to be to other people, because it would lead to the question "What are the other people?" Nevertheless there would be some truth in such a definition. We can define a piece of matter as a series of effects in places where it isn't, and we may say the same of a man in so far as he is regarded as forceful, or dynamic, or influential. The real man is the man regarded psychologically, not the man regarded as having an effect upon his surroundings.

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We all naturally believe that matter is characterized by a certain property which Dr. Whitehead calls "pushiness." When you watch a game of billiards, you think that one ball hits another and pushes the other away. This, however, is an illusion. The balls never touch; the outer electrons in the one repel the outer electrons in the other; these outer electrons try to move inward, but are in turn repelled by those that they are thus compelled to approach. There gets to be an unpleasant sense of overcrowding, and there is nothing for the whole lot to do except to move away and look for a place where they do not have such unpleasant neighbors. The whole process is analogous to what happens to a man who likes solitude, and who is perpetually moving away because someone else has built a house within two hundred yards of him. It is not that the electrons are actually in contact during the jostle; it is merely that they dislike the too close proximity of other electrons. All this of course is only roughly speaking. If you try to speak more accurately, you will have to express the whole occurrence in language which replaces electrons by various forms of radiant energy, or by Schrödinger's waves, which are not *in* the ocean but actually constitute the ocean. In any case, the game of billiards can not be taken as giving the clue to the universe. This is of course the death blow to materialism, for the essence of materialism has always been the belief that the world consisted of billiard balls. Or, to take another illustration, we spoke earlier of the beam of light sent out by a lighthouse on a dark night. To the materialist it is evident that the lighthouse is real, and solid, and tangible, whereas the beam of light in the night sky is merely an evanescent reflection caused by the state of the matter in the lighthouse. The modern view would be more nearly represented by saying that, while the beam of light is indubitably real so long as it lasts, the lighthouse is only an inference from the beam, and a precarious inference at that. If you say that you can go and touch the walls of the lighthouse, that is merely to say that there can be produced in you a sensation of hardness, a sensation which clearly is in you, not in the lighthouse, so that what you learn of the lighthouse from the sense of touch is really as indirect as what you learn of it by watching the beam of light in the sky. All this as metaphysics is ancient history, but as physics it is modern. For ages there has been a gulf between physics and metaphysics, but the gulf is closing up. Metaphysicians have grown perhaps a little less arrogant, and the physicists have been forced by purely experimental necessities to become increasingly metaphysical. The consequence is that there is a certain solidity in the philosophy to be distilled out of modern physics, which there never was in the philosophy of former times.

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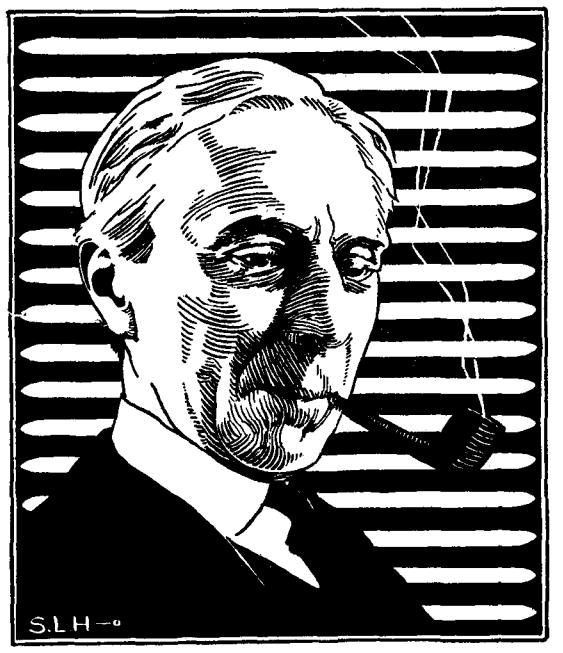
It must be confessed, however, that there is far less pomp and circumstance about modern mathematical reasoning than about that of earlier times. The model was set by Euclid, who professed to prove all his assertions with the exception of certain self-evident axioms. We now know that there is no reason to suppose his axioms true, and the consequences which he deduced from them can be known, if at all, only on a basis of experiment. The general view nowadays is that the propositions of Euclid are approximately true of bodies of ordinary size, but not of very small bodies, nor yet of regions comparable in size with the universe, which is supposed to be finite. In Newton's days the prestige of Euclid was undiminished, and Newton's mathematical style is based upon the Greek tradition. Nowadays a mathematical physicist is less impressed than he used to be with the demonstrative powers of his mathematical instrument. His mathematical reasoning is intended as a rule to lead up to some crucial experiment. We might say that mathematical style has altered in a way analogous to that in which prose style has altered. Compare the style of Sir Thomas Browne and that of Mr. H. G. Wells, and you will get some idea of the difference between the mathematical style of Newton and that of, say, Niels Bohr, who first applied the quantum theory to the atom.

It is a curious fact that as the practical applications of science have become more remarkable, its intellectual claims have diminished. I believe that if Empedocles could have a conversation with Einstein, he would be astonished at Einstein's ignorance in regard to many things which he himself had always supposed that he knew. Nor is it necessary to go so far back as Empedocles. Lord Kelvin, I fancy, would suffer the same astonishment. I wish I could



BERTRAND RUSSELL

think, however, that he would not regard Einstein as an ignoramus. Perhaps the belief that we know has always been the phantasy designed to compensate us for our feelings of helplessness. Knowledge is power, and therefore the phantasy of knowledge is the phantasy of power. Modern science, in proportion as it has given us real power, has diminished the need for the compensatory phantasy of supposed knowledge. We have become willing to admit our ignorance of the real nature of things, because we feel that we know how to handle them.

The tendency of this attitude is of course to encourage what is called the instrumental theory of knowledge, which is roughly speaking the theory that knowing about anything is being aware of the behavior suitable in its presence. If you know when to bow to a king, when to call him "Your Majesty," and how to flatter him, you know all that the instrumental theory thinks there is to know; and similarly, if you are able to use a telephone, to make it and repair it, you know all there is to be known about telephones, according to this theory. I confess that the theory is deeply repugnant to me, although I am inclined to think that it may be true. Perhaps the psychological source of this repugnance is the association of knowledge with love. When a man is in love, he is not content to study the outward behavior of the lady, but wishes to know what, at such a moment, he probably calls her soul, and her inmost thoughts become profoundly interesting to him. A man of science has been in the past a man in love with Nature in this sense, and something of the satisfaction which has been found in the pursuit of knowledge will be lost if knowledge is found to consist merely of tricks for leading Nature to grant her favors unintentionally. Perhaps the more profound intellectual triumphs, upon which in the long run the practical successes of applied science depend, will become psychologically very difficult, if the mystical conception of knowledge as a kind of union of knower and known completely dies out. However, I hold no brief for mysticism, and am merely throwing out a suggestion for what it may be worth.

Bertrand Russell, scientist, philosopher, and social philosopher, is too well known to need introduction. Readers of his discussion of "Physics and Metaphysics" will find his works readily available. In connection with his article the following books by contemporaries working in Mr. Russell's field should prove of interest: "The Structure of the Atom," by E. N. da C. Andrade (Harcourt, Brace); "Concerning the Nature of Things," by Sir William Bragg (Harpers); "The Logic of Modern Physics," by P. W. Bridgman (Macmillan); "Scientific Thought," by C. D. Broad (Harcourt, Brace); "The Romance of Reality," by Beverly L. Clarke (Macmillan); "Introduction to Contemporary Physics," by Karl K. Darrow (Van Nostrand); "The Fundamental Concepts of Physics in the Light of Modern Discovery" (Williams & Wilkins); "The Electron," by Robert A. Millikan (Chicago University Press); and "Science and the Modern World," by A. N. Whitehead (Macmillan).

Physics Past and Future

THE RISE OF MODERN PHYSICS. By Henry Crew. Baltimore: The Williams & Wilkins Company. 1928. $5.

ARCHIMEDES OR THE FUTURE OF PHYSICS. By L. L. Whyte. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $1.

Reviewed by N. C. Little
Bowdoin College

WRITTEN by a physicist who may claim distinction in his field not only as an investigator, but also as a teacher, "The Rise of Modern Physics" presents the science as a "concrete human achievement." Like two volumes concerning a sister science ("Biology and its Makers" and "The Growth of Biology") this book is the outcome of a course of lectures on the History of Science.

To appreciate the achievement of the race in arriving at the concepts of modern physics, it is necessary to know something of the concepts themselves. Therefore, it is fitting that along with the story of the development of physics we find brief expositions of the theory itself, often in the very words of the original investigator. These explanations, however, cannot be complete. Thus, in spite of the fact that the author presupposes no special training on the part of the reader, it is doubtful if one without an extensive background in the science can appreciate the true significance of the unfolding of the theories. For example, under the second law of Thermodynamics, we find Carnot's cycle described as "bounded by two isothermal and two adiabatic curves." Again, Maxwell's electromagnetic theory is presented by equations in vector notation with divergences and curls.

Although the purposes which the author has in view will best be appreciated by the person well trained in physics, nevertheless for the more casual reader who is willing to skip over the passages which he cannot understand there is much of interest. This latter type of reader will meet intimately the great personalities of the science. He will find Davy in knee breeches attended by the youthful Faraday, Ampère, a lad of eighteen, starting out upon his scientific career, heartbroken by the terrible circumstances of his father's death. He will even find that sorrowful drama of Galileo's abjuration enlivened by a footnote giving a humorous modern counterpart.

Defining physics so that "the oarsman who first set up a mast and sail" is a physicist, the author rapidly passes from prehistoric times to the science of the Greeks and Romans. Although appreciating what contributions these ancients made to modern physics, he frankly quotes authorities who say "Aristotle's physical science is almost worthless from the modern point of view" and, in reference to the Romans, "They were at their worst in the exact sciences."

After watching the progress of physics through

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the Middle Ages in the hands of a dozen or so contributors, we find attending the birth of modern physics the great trio, Galileo, Huygens, and Newton. From this point on we no longer advance in strict chronological sequence, but follow in turn the developments in light, electricity, and magnetism, heat, and the kinetic and atomic theories, through the eighteenth century into the nineteenth. Finally a chapter on electromagnetism and one on spectroscopy bring us to modern times. The story is surely much more than a list of names or a succession of dates and brings out clearly that progress in physics "does not mean the complete abandonment of older experiences and judgments, but a constant modification of these so as to include both old and new."

In striking contrast with the respect and consideration which "The Rise of Modern Physics" gives to the physics of the past is the impatience with which "Archimedes or The Future of Physics" views the physics of the present. To be sure, the modern physicist is for the moment on the horns of a dilemma in explaining the emission and absorption of light. But does he, therefore, suggest that the time is now ripe for completely breaking down the barriers between physics and biology, that shortly all atoms and molecules as well as cells and mammals are to be endowed with life, that each such organism can be described in terms of a life-function "f"? Yet the essayist predicts that the physicist of the future upon recognizing the essential irreversibility of time will find that the rate of increase of "f" is the *élan vital* of the organism, that when "f" stands still the organism dies. By controlling this life function cancer will be prevented, the duration of child-birth reduced, rejuvenation made safe and efficient. All this before 1950! Such predictions are speculative in the extreme. To attempt to make them plausible by quoting from eminent atomic physicists can but misrepresent the trend of modern physics. We do not believe that this Archimedes should cry, "Eureka!"

Dead Hands

(*Continued from page* 905)

us think about changing ethics is, in the only definition useful to art, a moral play.

And likewise, though less importantly, with the question of American literature. That a truly American book had to be about America was a provincial idea sure to be departed from. French critics say that "The Closed Garden" of Julien Green is distinctively American in its psychology. If they are right—and it is hard for an American to apply their comparative standards—then this novel written in French, of France, in a French tradition, might well have received an American award for national excellence. Art is not without geography, but it is not the geography of the maps.

When the American Academy gives an award for good delivery of English on the stage, and uses the word "diction" wrongly in its specifications for the gift, when universities confer degrees on respectable mediocrity while disturbing genius is conveniently overlooked, it is a satisfaction to see such honors as the Pulitzer prizes conferred with an accurate sense of what they should mean in a not immutable civilization.

London abounds with curious societies, many of which preserve their anonymity so sedulously that the average Londoner never hears of them. One of these societies, "The Sette of Odd Volumes," has just celebrated its jubilee. The Odd Volumes were founded in 1878 by Bernard Quaritch and a few friends, all bookish people, among whom were Charles and Edward Wyman, the printers, and Henry Bickers, the publisher. Originally the Sette consisted of twenty-one O. V.'s, the number of the volumes of the Variorum Shakespeare of 1821, but within a few years twenty-one supplemental volumes were admitted.

Once a month, from October to June, with the exception of December, the Odd Volumes are "united to form a perfect Sette," their avowed object being "conviviality and mutual admiration." Up to the present they have issued about 250 opuscula and pamphlets, some of which are eagerly sought for by American collectors. These books are either reprints of rare books and MSS. or original productions. No O.V. may sell any printed work of the Sette, and as there is an understanding that on the death of any O.V. his copies shall be returned to the archives the appearance of Odd Volume books is extremely rare.

The BOWLING GREEN

Translations from the Chinese

PREMONITION

IN Atlantic City
They are building a vast Convention Hall
Which will seat 40,000
And contain every modern device
For the encouragement of oratory
And already
Above the latticed curves of that huge testudo
I hear the blue salty air
Filled with premonitory reverberation
Of mankind's gallant ballyhoo.

PSYCHOLOGY

On the Boardwalk
The planks are laid lengthwise
In two long alleys
To make smooth going
For the little rolling chairs,
But elsewhere, laid crosswise
To slow up the pedestrian
And encourage loitering
By shop windows.

A CONVENTION

The most serious convention I ever attended
(Said an Atlantic City reporter)
Was that of the editors
Of the college comics.
With impeccable gravity they debated
The technique and tendency
Of undergraduate merriment
And decided, in the interests of civilization,
To lay off, in the coming year,
Jokes about sex and hootch.
In what other country, brooded the Old Mandarin,
Would the hilarities of adolescence
Consider themselves a matter
For anxious professional conference?
You are raising here, he cried,
A Younger Generation of Rotarians
Compared to whom the older sort
Were mere chambered nautili,
And, his brow seamed with affectionate amazement,
He resumed his reading
Among the various works
Of John B. Watson.

ADVERTISEMENT

In the surf opposite a gay hotel
Lies the tragic hull of an excursion steamer.
She was blown ashore in a gale lately
And several men lost their lives.
Theatre billposters at once plastered her with advertising
Which is regularly renewed every week
And above her broken deck
You read announcement
Of the charms of Gilda Gray.
There are some
Who would, if possible,
Put posters on the gravestone of a friend.

DICTATION

In dictating letters, remarked the Old Mandarin,
You must limit your communication
To the stenographer's capacity;
And similarly
We receive intimations from God
Only by dictation through human consciousness
Which is mostly dull, timid, and stereotyped.
Steep yourselves in receptive indolence, my little ones:
There is more in this matter
Than you suspect.

PSYCHO-ANALYSTS

The Old Mandarin was always pleased
When in his philosophical reading
He encountered the names of Deep Thinkers.
What an excellent name for a psycho-analyst
Is Schrenk-Notzing
For truly
They shrink from nothing.

THE GUEST OF HONOR

At a Business Men's Convention
In a seaside city
Who was the most honored guest?
Was it the great French banker?
Was it the Traffic Man who came from Chicago
To talk about Demurrage?
Or the government officer
Who explained the Income Tax?
No: it was the merry Bootlegger
Who drove down from New York
With 20 cases of authentic Scotch
And made their meeting endurable.
In the evening festivities
You saw him blithely dancing
With the wives of his clients.
Honor to whom honor!
A square-shooter,
Always ready (if necessary) for a shake-down,
The Robin Hood of our dull civilization,
Bless him!

BAGGAGE

And when he saw how much baggage
Publishers and their wives
Take to a trade convention,
The wardrobe trunks, portmanteaux, dressing cases, golf bags,
The gowns, dinner jackets, capes, slippers,
Lotions, peignoirs, mules, atomizers,
Orange sticks, facial implements, embroidered night-gowns,
Foot-ease, eyebrow tweezers, magnesia tablets,
Here, exclaimed the Old Mandarin, is a bunch
That takes the Book Business seriously.

A PHILOSOPHER

The true definition of a philosopher
Is one who has never travelled anywhere
With more than one piece of baggage.

AN EMPTY POCKET

There's one thing about English clothes
That's rather dangerous:
The waistcoat pockets are so wide,
When you bend over, your notebook falls out.
Grubbing for wild-flowers in the woods
My private booklet slipped unnoticed.
It was a whole day before I found it.
Poor little notebook,
Full of so many secret jottings,
Surmises, confidences, innocent enigmas,
Usually warmed by my naive bosom
How cold it must have been
Alone all night.

REVULSIONS OF TASTE

I saw in a Sunday paper
A photo of a Young Girl's Bedroom
Designed by a modernist decorator—
An appalling medley of curtains, flounces and draperies,
And I smiled to see the much-touted Neo-Modernists
Returning toward the worst horrors of the World's Fair.

Watch yourselves, my high-spirited Decorators,
Or the Newest New of the '30's
Will be 1894 all over again.
But it will always be so
As long as 4 out of 5
Prefer to be told by someone else
What they ought to like.

PLAY-THINGS

Along the Boardwalk
Cheerful shops offer me every kind of oddity
Which I couldn't possibly use—
Macaroons and lace tablecloths,
Jewels and horoscopes,
Antiques which are not old,
Novelties which are not new,
Trinkets and toys and souvenirs.

Ideas are my souvenirs and my happy playthings:
Where is the shop
That will sell me a wholly novel idea,
A new notion of the world
To play with in secret!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Catholic Poetry

THE CATHOLIC ANTHOLOGY. Edited by THOMAS WALSH. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE MAYNARD

THERE have appeared in recent years several anthologies representing the Catholic spirit in literature, but up to now there has never been in English (or so far as I know in any language) a collection on the scale of that which Mr. Walsh has made. Here all the Christian centuries and most of the European languages are surveyed. The editor has produced a noble book, and has performed for Catholic and non-Catholic alike a signal service.

The plan of the volume is happy. Its first item is the prophecy of the Fourth Eclogue; the second is the account of the Annunciation; the third the Magnificat. Immediately upon these follow admirably chosen passages from the utterances of Our Lord. From the second century come the "Hymn for the Lighting of the Lamps," and Clement of Alexandria's invocation; from the fourth, the Verbum Supernum and the Veni Creator Spiritus (though this is usually credited to the ninth century); from the fifth, St. Augustine's "The Joys of Paradise" and St. Patrick's "Breastplate" (called here, by one of its alternating titles, "The Deer's Cry"); and we are in the full tide of liturgical song with the Vexilla Regis, the Victimæ Paschali Laudes, the *Dies Iræ*, and the massive hymns of St. Thomas Aquinas. Even from such familiar fields Mr. Walsh manages to produce many things that will come as a surprise to the average reader and also to the specialist.

But there are amazing omissions. Adam of St. Victor, the best and most prolific of Latin hymn writers, is represented with only one poem—though he has received complete and highly competent translation. And the Ave Maris Stella and Te Lucis ante Terminum (among others) do not appear at all.

Of course omissions are inevitable in a book of so wide a scope; but in view of the fact that Mr. Walsh could find room for several second-, third- and even fourth-rate writers among more recent bards, how did he manage to leave out a specimen of the Song of Roland? In this case he had at his disposal one of the most marvelous instances of translation—Mr. C. K. Scott-Moncrieff's; and there is hardly anything in literature more majestic, moving, or Catholic than the death of Roland.

Then, too, there is a good deal of disproportion in the collection. Mr. Walsh's enthusiasm for Spanish poets is his specialty; and it would be unfair to grumble at it. But why so few of the early Italian poets, with Rossetti's translations available? And why no representation of Charles of Orleans, Ronsard, or Malherbe?

The disproportion appears in the case also of poets who have written in English. For instance, only a page each is given to Dryden and Pope, and nothing to Massinger, Davenant, Francis Beaumont, or the Quia Amore Langues or "Hierusalem My Happy Home." Yet space is found for Father Abram Ryan's drivel.

Mr. Walsh has unquestionably an astonishing erudition; but he seems to be by temperament somewhat casual, as is evidenced by his failure to take the trouble of running down all his translators. (For example, the rendering of the beautiful "Communion Hymn of the Ancient Irish Church" is not anonymous but by Miss Eleanor Hull; and the version of St. Patrick's hymn was made by Professor Kuno Meyer). And his Dryden excerpts have been perfunctorily transferred, subtitles and all, from Mr. Shane Leslie's "Anthology of Catholic Poets."

Yet if I make these complaints I do so because of my interest in Catholic poetry, and with no intention of belittling Mr. Walsh's great achievement. The main point to be stressed is not that this anthology lacks perfection (as all anthologies must), but that it presents for the first time an impressive view of the sweep of Catholic poetry through the ages. For that reason it should be, despite any rare (after all very rare) exhibition of carelessness or caprice, invaluable to every student of literature. Nearly all the poets of Christendom are here. When they could not be included as professed Catholics, they could, with few exceptions, be shown to have exhibited something of the Catholic spirit which permitted them to be harvested in an appendix. Though why Herbert is not here, or why Mr. Santayana's superb poem, "King's College Chapel," or Mr. Edgar Lee Master's "St. Peter the Rock," or Longfellow's sonnets on Dante, or A. S. Cripps, or Charles Williams, or R. L. Gales are left out, it is not easy to understand.

The translations are generally excellent. In particular, Mr. Walsh has found a most interesting medieval rendering of the Jesu Dulcis Memoria, and has induced Mr. Henry Longan Stuart to make an admirable version of Lamartine's "The Crucifix." He himself is responsible for translations from Latin, French, German, Spanish, and Armenian. He might, however, with advantage have drawn upon Father Aylward and (the original of Mr. Chesterton's Father Brown) Canon O'Connor.

Rake and Politician

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. By V. DE SOLA PINTO. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $6.

Reviewed by PAUL BIRDSALL
Harvard University

PROFESSOR DE SOLA PINTO has written the definitive biography of a secondary figure in the English Restoration. Sir Charles Sedley, rake, courtier, politician, dramatist, and poet has hitherto engaged the attention of historians of literature mainly. He has provided material for two German doctoral dissertations, and he occupies a prominent position in Beresford-Chancellor's "Lives of the Rakes," but it is the conclusion of his latest and completest biographer that "Sir Charles Sedley has been badly treated by posterity, both as a man and a poet," and the present biography purports "to do him tardy justice."

The fact that Sedley is, and must remain, a secondary figure of the period is responsible for the numerous errors of omission and commission in most of the former accounts, which feature his colorful escapades at the expense of the many respectable activities that filled a busy life. It is at the same time responsible for one of the chief merits of Pinto's interesting study, in that Sedley is necessarily portrayed rather as a typical figure of Restoration society than as one who dominates his environment. The historical background is, therefore, peculiarly vital to the interpretation of Sedley's career and his works, and his biographer has spared no pains to create it.

The work is at once exhaustive and interesting, combining real scholarship and imaginative power, and presented in excellent literary form. Footnotes and a vivid text appear in harmony on the same page to confute those popularizers who "without fear and without research" would banish all evidence of critical scholarship from any book which would claim to be interesting. The sprightly details of Sedley's indiscretions receive their due in so far as they are printable, but to restore the balance lost in previous accounts, much attention is directed to his parliamentary career. "Sedley and Rochester were, perhaps, the only two members of the fraternity of wits who had a sense of the grim realities that formed the background of the riotous carnival of the Restoration."

Sedley emerges from these pages as a person of singular versatility, with a native fund of common sense, proceeding gradually from a life of dissipation to one of sobriety and usefulness. A permanent union with a lady of distinction replaced the fitful amours which resulted from a youthful and unhappy marriage, and Sir Charles's affection and kindliness toward the son of this match place him in a happier light. His friendships transcended the somewhat narrow circumference of the society of wits to include Dryden and Shadwell, and one devout Roman Catholic of the period, Sir William Joyner, paid public tribute to his "elevated wit, rich fancy, and subtle judgment."

Finally, Professor Pinto by critical analysis discards some inferior selections which appear in the 1722 edition of Sedley's works to obscure the merit of even the better pieces. The dramatic and poetic works are discussed in their relation to the broad main stream of English literature, and a place awarded to Sedley "among the little masters of English literature."

Complete documentation, an elaborate genealogy of the Sedley Family, several appendices of illustrative papers, a list of Sedley's library, and a bibliography, form the critical apparatus of what the author justly claims to be "a study in the life and literature of the Restoration." It is shortly to be supplemented by a critical edition of Sedley's works by the same author which together with the biography may well afford a final judgment on the life and writings of this important figure.

One-Act Plays

FIFTY MORE CONTEMPORARY ONE-ACT PLAYS. Selected and Edited by FRANK SHAY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928. $5.

THE ONE-ACT PLAYS OF LUIGI PIRANDELLO. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $2.50.

TWO PASSENGERS FOR CHELSEA AND OTHER PLAYS. By OSCAR W. FIRKINS. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD

NO one has done more to raise the standard of the one-act plays given by little theatres throughout the country than has Frank Shay through his invaluable anthologies. In selecting a play from the literal thousands that are submitted to him Mr. Shay demands not only that the play be actable and interesting from the production viewpoint, wherein his own wide experience with little theatre production profits him well, but that it shall have literary as well as dramatic merit, and in content some engaging significance. This new volume ably carries on the Shay traditions. Necessarily when so many plays are included some will be much better than others, but in general the selection is of notable excellence, while a few rise into real distinction. Every variety of dramatic mood is here, comedy, tragedy, satire, farce, and every dramatic form, even the marionette (the famous "Orlando Furioso" of Remo Bufano); and inasmuch as the majority of the plays have been thoroughly tested by production, many of them already having achieved success, the breadth of choice offers not hazard, but opportunity.

Now as to whether the one-act play is merely "dwarfed drama," as Mr. Shay terms it in his introduction (but more by a slip of the pen, one feels, than in derogatory intention), or whether it is a dramatic form as potent as is the short story in the realm of fiction (the generally accepted view), is here aside from the question. Also aside from the question is the appalling fact that many of the established little theatres are deserting the short play for the longer form, and thereby giving up their birthright as original creative centres for the one-act form, and becoming imitative routine producing groups. What matters is that the public will pick up a volume of short plays and read therein as in a volume of short tales, and that here, there, everywhere, as Mr. Shay emphasizes, are constantly springing up new little theatres and new amateur producing societies of the same ideals as the Washington Square or the Provincetown Players evinced in their inception; and it is to such a public and such groups that this volume will appeal. There is, of course, here an O'Neill play, this time the powerful "The Moon of the Caribbees." From Paul Green is selected "Quare Medicine," an atmospheric comedy of the North Carolina "poor whites," wherein mysticism and realism are woven in Green's characteristic rhythm. "The Death of Nero," by Herbert Gorman, is a poetic play of fine conception and memorable lines. One wonders why Mr. Gorman doesn't write more plays. "Marthe" by Noel Armstrong, a *nom de plume* for Jeanne Robert Foster, is an arresting study of an old Irishwoman living in the Adirondack region, whose hard exterior only conceals a deathless youthful passion. This play recently won the prize of $100 offered by the Pasadena Branch of the Drama League of America. "The Giant's Stair," by Wilbur Daniel Steele, and "Wind o' the Moors," by L. du Garde Peach are also *genre* plays of unusual power. John Golden contributes a tender little magical play "The Vanishing Princess," Heywood Broun a morality satire "Death Says It Isn't So," wherein Death approaches its victim as a most comforting Fat Man. There is also John F. Balderston's clever morality "For the Leisured Class," with its delightful dénouement, while "The Duchess Says Her Prayers," by Mary Cass Canfield, is picturesque and beautiful romance. Of the comedies we especially enjoyed "A Budapest Salesman Should Not Read French Illustrated Magazines" by Bela Szenes, "Bothers" by Abraham Reisin, and the amusing picture of a road company "The Marriage of Little Eva" by Kenyon Nicholson.

In the Pirandello volume are eleven plays, most of which are dramatizations by the author of his *novelles*, or short tales, a change of form accomplished it would seem with a minimum of effort, so dramatic are these tales both in concept and dialogue, and such close kin in Pirandello is the novelist to the dramatist. The volume lacks an introduction or explanatory notes as to the dates of these plays, but internal evidence would place them, even were it not possible to refer to such an excellent bibliography, for instance, as Mr. Walter Starkie appends to his study of this Italian master. To Pirandello's early period, when his dramatic style was more direct and conventional, belong the broad farce "Chee-Chee," the unrelieved tragedies "The Imbecile," "The Vise," and "The Doctor's Duty." Early also, at least in story, is the tender romance "Sicilian Limes," and also the comedy "The Jar" with its atmosphere of the Sicilian country side and olive vineyards. Here is very little of the Pirandello we know best as the analytical psychologist of multiple personality, using humor and objectivity as masks for tragedy. In "By Judgment of Court," where the aged Chiarchiaro commercializes his reputed possession of the "evil eye," Pirandello's sardonic humor begins to be manifested, while "The House with the Column" shows his power of projecting the horrible against a background of humorous detail. Practically a monologue, "The Man with the Flower in His Mouth," in revealing a tragic situation by means of seemingly irrelevant conversation, advances toward the later method of the dramatist, as also does "At the Gate," where the reality of death is treated from the same philosophic standpoint of illusion as Pirandello treats the reality of life. At the gate of the cemetery, risen from the grave, the Philosopher must still go on philosophizing, and the Fat Man must still seek escape from his wife when she has been murdered by her lover. The divine pity which occasionally breaks forth in Pirandello when his puppet characters suddenly touch the Life Force, and awake into reality, is felt in this remarkable play, so rich in ripe wisdom, and in those subtle nuances so truly Pirandellian. "Our Lord Of The Ship," with which Pirandello in 1925 inaugurated his Art Theatre in Rome, is also a play of sweeping vision and mature art. Vivid in dialogue and in realistic detail of characterization and scene, in the hands of a Reinhardt this modern morality would be magnificent in color and mass design. Indeed, a study of these short plays brings conviction of what we are prone to overlook in the emphasis upon Pirandello as a psychologist, that his power as a dramatist lies largely in his verism. Not only is he subjective, but he is minutely objective.

We confess that in his volume of one-act plays Mr. Firkins comes before us as a new playwright, for which reason we read him with all the more interest. At the outset we are struck by his fluid brilliancy of dialogue, notably in the title play "Two Passengers for Chelsea," in which he ably portrays the sparkling and fascinating personality of Jane Carlyle, and her power to hold her dour husband even against Lady Ashburton. (This play Mr. Shay includes in his new anthology.) In "The Undying Prince," where all the famous Hamlets living or dead, meet in a ghostly rendezvous with the Hamlet of Shakespeare's creation, this talent for witty dialogue is again paramount, but here it runs away with the author. The play is much too long for its dramatic content, but if cut, should be excellent "green-room" entertainment for actors with the gift of impersonation. The other plays are on varied themes, some of romantic tenor, as the verse play "Geoffrey's Wife," and the appealing "The Unbidden Guest." Others are social studies, synthetic in intent, rather than searchingly analytical. "The Bloom on the Grape" deals with marriage in its conventional versus its romantic aspect. "The Rim of the Desert" asks the question as to one's right to interfere with the destiny of others. "The Emeralds" present three women married in succession to one husband, and in succession deserting him, to live together in a kind of one-husband club with the husband omitted. "The Entanglement" unravels the problems of two couples on the verge of divorce. Mr. Firkins writes well, and handles his situations neatly. In fact, he writes almost too well, that is, his dialogue smacks of the library, rather than of life, and his characters lack differentiating objectivity. He is therefore at his best, not in the creation of new characters, or original situations, but in re-creating people who have lived, as in the Carlyle play, by far the most telling in the collection.

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Books of Special Interest

"My Heart and My Book"

THE THIRD BOOK OF MODERN VERSE. Edited by JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1927. $1.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

NOTHING, every critic has assured us, is more personal than an anthology. Even Robert Graves, who has written an entire volume entitled "The Anthologies against Poetry," grants that. The collection before me is another proof of the platitude. It represents not so much the growth of American poetry as the growth of Miss Rittenhouse. The Miss Rittenhouse who prepared the generally innocuous "charm" of her first "Little Book of Modern Verse," who, as late as 1916 turned a deaf ear to Carl Sandburg and Ezra Pound, could never (one would have said) grow hospitable to the eccentricities of E. E. Cummings or the mordant ironies of T. S. Eliot. Yet here, without apologetic gestures, are Eliot and Hart Crane and William Carlos Williams, and even Marianne Moore. It is true that each of these poets is represented by only one poem apiece, and that one is in the author's more conventional vein. But the lavish inclusiveness is undeniable.

In fact, it is the editor's very catholicity which handicaps her. In order to include one hundred and fifty contemporaneous American poets, Miss Rittenhouse has had to limit herself to no more than four poems by Frost, Robinson, Millay, with the result that queer problems in proportion ensue. Had she omitted half of the merely adequate versifiers and devoted their pages to the important figures of our renaissance, the volume would have been less panoramic in width, but far nobler in height.

Nevertheless, this is a most easily readable collection for the casual as well as the ardent poetry lover. It demands little except sympathy, rouses no controversial dragons, disturbs few prejudices. The radicals are hushed if not silenced by their eminently respectable surroundings: Marianne Moore is preceded by Edmund Vance Cooke, Mr. Eliot by Aline Kilmer. But the general arrangement is as subtle as it is successful. Instead of dividing her book into sections (Miss Rittenhouse favors neither the tabulating nor the chronological method), the editor has achieved a gradual sequence or, to be more exact, a series of sequences. Her book begins with metaphysical speculations on the pain and brevity of love, proceeds to celebrations of youth, friendship, betrayal. The art of poetry (in which MacLeish's firm "Ars Poetica" is dominant), Spring, passion, motherhood, and so on through the pageant of life. Such an arrangement is sure to yield interesting contrasts within the gamut of the unannounced themes. Thus E. A. Robinson's splendid sonnet "Many Are Called" is followed by Lola Ridge's concise Tribute "To E. A. R."; Robinson Jeffers's "To the Stone-Cutters" precedes Charles Wharton Stork's "To Rodin"; "Wild Plum" and "Wild Cherry" are cleverly juxtaposed; Hilda Conkling's exquisite "Lilacs" is set next to Amy Lowell's more massive poem of the same title.

These are a few of Miss Rittenhouse's solutions of the difficulties of assembling. It is here she triumphs. She is a sensitive recorder rather than a discoverer. Her choice, as with every editor, is fallible—or, as I insisted before, personal. This being so, one cannot inquire why, where so much space is given to the familiar "anthology pieces," there is no single illumination by so fine a poet as Léonie Adams or considering the number of unabashed echoes of Edna St. Vincent Millay, why there is no excerpt from the two-edged impudences of Dorothy Parker. Surely these two are more significant of their age and far more memorable than . . . . But that, too, is, a matter of personal discrimination.

Although, as I have already implied, Miss Rittenhouse seldom strays into pastures new and confines her heart and her book to charted fields, it is decidedly pleasant accompanying her. She knows her way about, and even the well-known landscape takes on new values when seen from her approach. And, here or there, she points to something we either overlooked or that was not there before. The best of such rare novelties is Louise Ayres Garnett's "Ballad of the Doorstone," Genevieve Taggard's "The Desert Remembers her Reasons," E. Merrill Root's "Miracles," and Anna Hempstead Branch's "In the Beginning was the Word." The last of these is a soaring thing. With its

For a great wind blows
Through Ezekiel and John,
They are all one flesh
That the spirit breathes on

and in its cumulative vision it is almost on the high level of its author's "The Monk in the Kitchen," which must rank as one of the great metaphysical poems of our time. These four unusual pieces, however, are not necessarily the best in the volume. Here again, the reader will have the right of last appeal. And, since there are one hundred and forty-six other poets in these three-hundred-odd pages, his choice will be almost as broad as Miss Rittenhouse's. For she has created—and finally a phrase justifies itself—"a companionable anthology" companioned only by its predecessors in the series.

Pepys's Wife

MY WIFE, POOR WRETCH. UNCENSORED EPISODES NOT IN THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS. By EMMA BEATRICE BRUNNER. New York. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1928. $2.

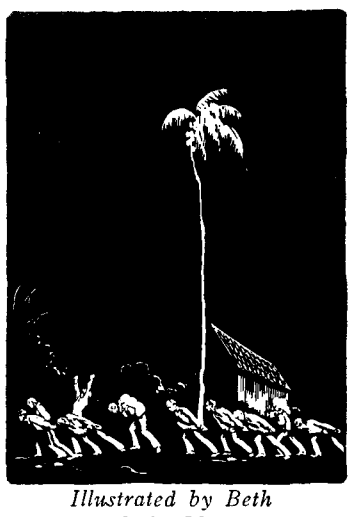
Reviewed by GORDON HALL GEROULD

IT is a fashion of the day to discover through fiction more about the private lives of eminent persons in the past than biographers can with good conscience tell us—even the very imaginative biographers of our own time. This historical fiction is not of the Big Bow-wow sort, for it seldom crowds incident on incident or makes a hero out of the hero. At best it reveals with some subtlety the motives and feelings of a group of characters, and makes them live again for us in the plain garb of everyday life. The object of the writers is not to stress the variety of human experience, or the contrasting manners and customs of another day, but to show that men and women of all time and of all degrees of achievement are pretty much like ourselves.

In this new specimen Samuel Pepys and his wife are presented to us not as they appear in the famous Diary. This is the story of Mistress Pepys: the story of how she stopped Samuel's philandering and his scribbling by one bold stroke. The author has drawn upon the Diary for some of her materials, but upon her imagination for a good deal more. She has not gone farther afield. Pepys is shown as having all the ignoble traits he himself has revealed and none of those other qualities which have given him an honorable place in English history. He is so poor a creature, indeed, that one wonders at his wife's condescension in putting up with him. This is a radical defect in the book, because it appears that Elizabeth Pepys—as one had suspected previously—was not a very interesting person. Too much space is given to her repinings and complaints, which are all in one key. The patient reader has to wait long before anything happens about it; and the most that ever happens is a petty plot against Samuel—the kind of thing that used to be known enigmatically as a "practical joke." In short, anyone who cares to form an acquaintance with the Pepys family will be much better entertained by the Diary itself.

* *

One curious notion of the author should be set right. Apparently she believes that Pepys wrote his diary on sheets somewhat like those of modern American "loose-leaf" note-books, for much is made of the scattered disorderly pages. Doubtless he would have liked the convenience of this device, though he would never have left the sheets in confusion. He liked devices, and he liked order, as anyone who has surveyed the beautiful arrangement of the Pepysian Library at Cambridge can bear witness. But the manuscripts of the Diary itself—that precious series of neat little books—had no such origin as this modern romancer has imagined for them. It is not even a good guess. A quiet afternoon in that old room in Magdalene College, where the double rows of books stand in their cases as their collector arranged them, would perhaps have given Miss Brunner more respect for Samuel Pepys, as it would certainly have added to her knowledge of his ways and works.



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TRUTH ABOUT HEARST AT LAST IN NEW BIOGRAPHY!

William Randolph Hearst Subject of Human Document and Critical Appraisal by John K. Winkler, Published Today—Represents Fifteen Years' Research—Hailed as Historically Valuable Because Unbiased and Truthful—An Independent, Impartial and Accurate Study of a Mystifying Individual, An American Phenomenon, and a World Force—Biography Eagerly Awaited.

NEW YORK, May 27—(*By Direct Wire from THE INNER SANCTUM.*) In *Hearst: An American Phenomenon*, just published by SIMON AND SCHUSTER, and on sale tomorrow at all bookstores, JOHN K. WINKLER provides the first comprehensive story of the man, his publishing and allied properties, his motives, his views of life. The story of WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST is abundantly illustrated and is quotably specific. The book recounts HEARST'S bland and dauntless belief in his own destiny and pictures him as a modern Maecenas spending literally uncounted millions upon art treasures, ranches, castles in Spain, gold mines, yachts and the art of living.

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How HEARST at Harvard enjoyed an unlimited allowance and an untamable propensity for larks. He was a classmate of GEORGE SANTAYANA and helped to foster the Bloody Monday tradition at Cambridge.

How HEARST regarded the newspaper world as "an enchanting playground in which giants and dragons were to be slain simply for the fun of the thing; a Never Never Land with Pirates and Indians and Fairies, a wonderful, wonderful rainbow with uncounted gold at the other end of the arch."

How HEARST bought a limp rag of a newspaper and launched his perplexing and revolutionary career in journalism.

How HEARST developed his genius for "stirring up the animals" in war and peace.

How HEARST rolled the drums in '98 and was almost caught in the noose of his enemies.

How HEARST took the traditions of Park Row by the scruff of the neck and built up his colossal group of newspapers, magazines, syndicates, and motion picture companies.

How HEARST offered the populace "eight pages of iridescent polychromous effulgence that makes the rainbow look like a lead pipe!"

How HEARST used the $7,500,000 check which he got on his thirty-second birthday.

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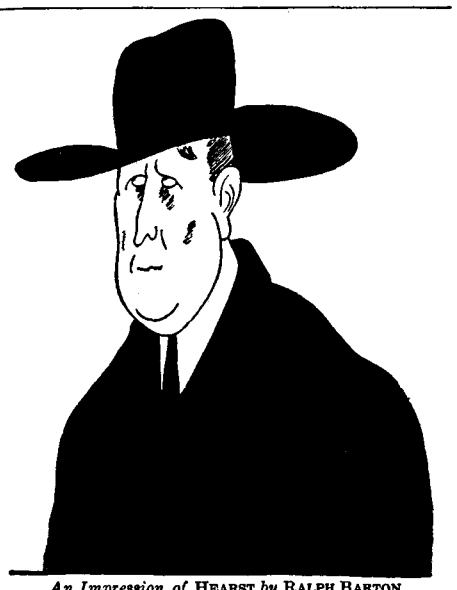
How HEARST began a crusade against polygamy. ("Crush the harem, protect the home!")

How HEARST battled "Pirate Privilege" in and out of court for years, entertaining and astounding the country, paralyzing the politicians and tantalizing his foemen by manoeuvres feline in their ferocity.



An Impression of HEARST *by* RALPH BARTON *from the celebrated "New Yorker" sketch reproduced on the wrapper of the book*

HEARST ORDERS SHIP SUNK IN SUEZ CANAL TO SAVE DEWEY FROM SPANISH FLEET!!

NEW YORK, April 25, 1898—(*By Hearst News*). An irreparable disaster threatens Admiral Dewey's fleet in Manila Bay! Admiral Cervera's powerful Spanish fleet is steaming under forced draught through the Mediterranean, headed for the Suez Canal—objective—Dewey's destruction. Two American monitors, with 10 inch guns, are rushing across the Pacific to the rescue. Which will arrive first? What can be DONE? Hearst KNOWS; he ACTS; he sends Foreign Correspondent James Creelman the most amazing communication ever written by a private citizen in time of war:

Dear Mr. Creelman:

I wish you would at once ..... buy some big English steamer at the Eastern end of the Mediterranean and take her to some part of the Suez Canal where we can sink her and obstruct the passage of the Spanish warships. This must be done if....." What did Creelman do? What happened?

[*Read the outcome of this Napoleonic letter on page 160 of "Hearst: An American Phenomenon", by John K. Winkler.*]

"HEARST IS RIGHT, WE MUST HAVE A FORTIFIED CANAL!" —PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO JOHN HAY, 1904

"The United States and Great Britain agree that the proposed Panama Canal *shall not be fortified.* The treaty has been signed and ratified by the British Cabinet. All that remains is ratification by the American Senate."

Hearst hears this news in Egypt. He acts instantly. He wires his New York office—"*Better no canal than an unfortified canal. Marshal every resource. Fight ratification of treaty.*" The result is the historic, year-long battle in Congress. Hearst is victorious against Secretary Hay and England. Roosevelt calls Hay to the White House and says, "*John, I love you, and I despise Hearst. But.....*"

[*Read the fascinating details of this history-making battle on page 183 of "Hearst: An American Phenomenon."*]

"YOU FURNISH THE PICTURES; I'LL FURNISH THE WAR!" HEARST'S ALLEGED WIRE TO ARTIST REMINGTON, 1898

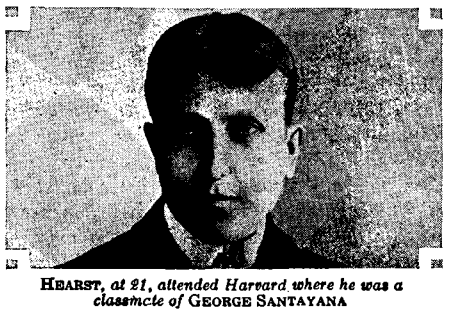
Artist Frederic Remington is waiting in Cuba to draw battle scenes—and bored because no war comes. He wires Hearst, "*Everything quiet. No trouble here. Will be no war. I wish to return.*" Then, according to the legend, Hearst answers, "*Please remain. You furnish the pictures; I'll furnish the war.*" Would the authorities have allowed such a message to be transmitted? Did Hearst really inspire it, in spite of his later denials?

[*Read what John Winkler knows about this celebrated episode on page 144 of "Hearst: An American Phenomenon."*]

"YELLOW KID" NAMES HEARST JOURNALISM

The first Sunday comic was drawn by R. F. Outcault (of "Buster Brown" fame) for Hearst's *Journal*. It was called "Hogan's Alley". In it appeared a tot with big ears and funny toes, wearing a yellow dress. This "Yellow Kid" became so popular that Pulitzer's *World* was forced to imitate him. At this time, the New York *Sun* sarcastically called both publishers "yellow journalists"—and the name stuck.

[*Read many other fresh and piquant anecdotes of the Hearst-Pulitzer battle for news supremacy in "Hearst: An American Phenomenon."*]



HEARST, *at 21, attended Harvard where he was a classmate of* GEORGE SANTAYANA

HEARST HITS BENNETT FOR VICE AD CAMPAIGN

Today no newspaper would dare to print "Personals" like those that were appearing in the New York *Herald* in 1899. "*The Little Girl cannot meet expenses this month. Hopes Mr. W. will see this and embrace opportunity he requested at lunch. The FASCINATING BABY.*" "*Refined young lady desires immediate loan.*" Hearst investigators rented a post office box under a mythical name and secured evidence that the "Personal" column was being used for vicious purposes. Was Bennett indicted? How did the case come out?

[*Read the sequel on page 220 of "Hearst: An American Phenomenon."*]

WHERE DOES HEARST END AND BRISBANE BEGIN?

Many represent Brisbane as the real brains behind Hearst's success. They ask, "Where does Hearst begin and Brisbane end?" The implication is that Hearst, separated from Brisbane, would die. What is the true relationship of these two? Did Hearst "make" Brisbane—or vice versa?

[*Learn the authentic facts on page 112 of "Hearst: An American Phenomenon," by John Winkler.*]

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Foreign Literature

Modern German Literature

ALBERT SOERGEL: DICHTUNG UND DICHTER DER ZEIT. Eine Schilderung der deutschen Literatur der letzten Jahrzehnte. Leipzig: Voigtländer. 1928.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

A LONG procession of once familiar figures files past the reviewer's inner vision on opening the ponderous volume by Albert Soergel. Though it covers almost half a century of hard struggle for an ideal of esthetic expression, it seems but yesterday that we heard the battlecry of the literary revolution which split the writers of Germany into two camps, long irreconcilable. How many of the names identified with the movement are gone, how many have sunk into oblivion!

It was the divine discontent, the motive power of progress, that had begun to ferment in the brains of the young generation. Too young to have taken part in the easily won victory of 1870-71, they had heard only the echoes of the triumphal clamor. They knew only the material boom which the promptly paid milliards of invaded France had created in the fatherland. When they looked for the ideal harvest, the art and the poetry engendered by the great event which was still celebrated in sonorous phrases by their elders, they found it pitifully meagre. The pathos rang hollow, the sentiment was commonplace, the form hackneyed. Some of them had traveled and felt the breath of a new spirit abroad. They were poring over documents of a dead past while their neighbors across the border were studying specimens of a living present. They discovered the unexploited mine of the life about them and felt that the new theme demanded new forms. The unrest quickened their critical sense and stimulated the creative impulse.

Soergel gives due credit to the men who assumed a sort of leadership in this movement. Michael Georg Conrad who had during a long sojourn in Paris recognized in Zola the master of a new art, the man who had lit the torch of truth and given his disciples a new technique, founded in 1885 in Munich his magazine *Die Gesellschaft*. Karl Bleibtreu in the same year threw a firebrand into the world of German letters, as yet unaware of the sedition in its ranks, by his pamphlet "Die Revolution der Literatur," showing his readiness to tear down time-hallowed institutions and proclaiming upon the ruins of old temples the advent of a new art. Wilhelm Arent promptly compiled an anthology of the new poets who had barely made their debut, entitled "Moderne Dichter-Charaktere." The brothers Hart, Heinrich and Julius, followed with their "Kritische Waffengänge" and paved the way for the new criticism.

Soergel's breadth of vision as compared with the narrow prejudices of a more popular authority on the subject, Adolf Bartels, is especially manifest in the second chapter in which he traces the sources of that revolution to French realism and naturalism, the influence beginning with Balzac, Flaubert, and the Goncourts and culminating in Zola. In another chapter he deals with the three master spirits of the north that also molded the minds of young Germany and left their indelible mark upon its fiction and drama: Tolstoy, Dostoievsky and Ibsen.

The German theater had been living on the classics and French society drama. At a time when the majority of German critics branded Zola and Ibsen as muckrakers, Antoine founded his Théatre Libre in Paris and was staging the plays of Tolstoy, Ibsen and a host of unknown dramatists. Always eager not to lag behind the arch enemy across the Rhine, whose intellectual acumen and artistic taste they secretly admired, the German theaters suddenly changed their policy. Ibsen's "Ghosts" was played in Augsburg and Meiningen, and on January 9th, 1887, in Berlin, in the presence of the author who received an ovation. After this performance the foundation of a "Freie Bühne" began to be discussed wherever two writers of the young generation met. Two years later at a meeting of Maxmilian Harden, Theodor Wolff, Otto Brahm, Paul Schlenther, and other dramatic critics, an organization was effected; the enterprise was to be the creation of people pursuing purely artistic aims and depending for its maintenance upon membership. In September of that year the *Freie Bühne* was opened with "Ghosts" under the directorship of Otto Grahm, some of the best actors of Berlin and Vienna taking part.

Thus was the ground prepared for the blossoming of the new German drama which at the outset followed the naturalism of Zola, but soon went beyond it. For in the meantime the disciples of Zola's naturalism in Germany had been actively engaged in creating what they called "der konsequente Naturalismus". The curious collaboration of the two men who formulated that creed, Arno Holtz and Johannes Schlaf, resulted in a volume of sketches, "Papa Hamlet," by "Bjarne P. Holmsen," and for seven months mystified critics and readers. Events followed with astonishing rapidity. When Gerhart Hauptmann's "Before Sunrise" was published, it contained a dedication:

> To Bjarne P. Holmsen, the logical realist, author of "Papa Hamlet," in recognition of the inspiration received from his book.

The dedication was dated July 8, 1889, and on the 20th of October the play was performed by the *Freie Bühne*, created a riot which temporarily killed it. Undismayed by the sharp censure that rained from the press, "Henriete Marechal" by the Goncourts was produced a month later and the pioneer work was continued for some years.

After a chapter devoted to Gerhart Hauptmann, whom Soergel justly rates very highly, he ends that part of his colossal work with a review of the rival enterprises which sprang up after the success of the *Freie Bühne*. Bleibtreu and Conrad had a relapse into nationalism and suddenly assailed the enterprise which was the logical outcome of some of their demands, for its foreign tendencies! Soon a *Deutsche Bühne* was founded in Munich, followed by a *Freie Volksbühne* sponsored by socialist sympathizers in Berlin. But the struggle for the new ideal went on and the *Gesellschaft* found a formidable rival in a magazine which adopted the platform and the name of the *Freie Bühne*. Eventually changed to *Neue Rundschau* it became the bulwark of modern tendencies which covered the contemporary literature of the world and enlisted contributors like Alfred Kerr, Felix Poppenberg, Franz Servaës, and others that struck a new note in literary criticism.

It is interesting in Soergel's record of the evolution of modern German drama to note the difference in the attitude of the great majority of theatregoers towards the works of two men, contemporaries and rivals for the favor of Berlin audiences. It suggests comparison with American conditions. The première of Hauptmann's "Before Sunrise" had ended in scandalous behavior of public and press. The première of Sudermann's "Ehre" made him the idol of the great mass and assured his later works of box office success. Soergel passes in review all the minor aspirants for dramatic laurels to whom the advanced minority looked for the realization of the hopes their first works had awakened. But Halbe, Hirschfeld, Dreyer, Hartleben, Otto Ernst, and Ernst Rosmer can hardly be said to have fulfilled that promise. A few isolated attempts at transplanting some of them to the American stage are on record. Among them are the performances of Ernst Rosmer's (Frau Elsa Bernstein's) "Königskinder" by Martin Harvey under the title "Children of the King" and the opera by Humperdinck based upon the play.

In the second book Soergel points to another power beside French naturalism as a decisive factor in the German literature of the period: socialism. He presents a number of lyric poets who at the time were among the prophets of the new movement, but have long lapsed into obscurity. Among them was Ferdinand Avenarius, who in the crucible of his esthetic conscience converted the ideas and longings of his time into pure gems of song, but will be best remembered by his editorship of that excellent magazine, *Der Kunstwart*. The survey of fiction is justly ushered in by Theodor Fontane, who, though much older, showed his kinship with the young generation in not a few of his works. Again the author presents an array of figures outstanding among them Wilhelm Bölschne, though his books on nature are far more important, and Wilhelm von Polenz whose "Büttnerbauer" is a classic among novels dealing with the problems of the peasant and whose "Land der Zukunft" is one of the few unbiased books on America that have been written by German visitors to this country. More space might have been devoted to those two strong personalities; for the others treated in that chapter will before long be hardly more than names, with the exception, perhaps, of Gabriele Reuter, who ushered in a flood of fiction about the problems of woman, and Helen Böhlau, whose stories of the Goethe circle, "Ratsmädelgeschichten," are unique specimens of a whimsical humor.

A history of modern German literature would be incomplete without a chapter on Nietzsche, whose power over the minds of Young Germany was tremendous. The author gives a fair survey of Nietzsche's work and ends with a vehement protest against the distortion of his ideals by some of his disciples. Vienna's contribution to modern German literature is represented by Schnitzler, Bahr, Hofmannsthal, Zweig, all known in America, and others, and is most interesting, because Soergel finds in Anzengruber as far back as 1879 statements that might have been in any of the pronunciamentos of the naturalists sent out ten years later; and traces of symbolism which entered German poetry via France, in Rosegger, and of the awakened social conscience, in Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach.

The minute separation into groups becomes sometimes confusing; for many of the interesting figures that loomed above the horizon for a time, some of them never to reach the zenith of their power, were really contemporaries of the pioneers of Young Germany. Among them are Liliencron, who endeared himself to all lovers of poetry by his joy of living and the singable lilt of his verse; Dehmel who combined a cosmic sweep of imagination with a social sentiment that ever tied him to the earth; Stefan George who inaugurated the cult of style, which he called "the most intimate speech of the soul," and Arno Holz, the champion of a free verse-form which enabled him at times to approach the terseness and simplicity of Chinese and Japanese poetry.

In the Introduction to the fourth book of the volume, with its title "Adjustment," Soergel admits that nobody has been able to find a formula for the forces struggling for expression between 1900 and 1910. Yet he succeeds in coining phrases which strikingly fit Rainer Marie Rilke's lyrics, Carl Spitteler's epic poems, and the writers who revived the once popular "Ballade." The comparison between Thomas Mann, whose character is determined by the North German blood of his paternal ancestors, and Heinrich, in whom the Latin blood of his Brazilian mother added a ferment which produced quite a different physiognomy, is illuminating. But it is not easy to understand why the work of the latter should be almost ignored, when men of far inferior literary calibre have each a separate chapter to themselves.

What is collectively called *Heimatskunst*, literature deeply rooted in the native soil of certain parts of the Reich, has always been favored by German critics; especially since Fritz Lienhard, the German Alsatian, in 1901 in a Lenten sermon, accused the literati of having completely lost touch with the German folksoul and protested against a German literature conceived in the parvenu circles of Berlin W. The scathing arraignment quoted by Soergel culminated in the sentence:

> To be a whole man, is necessary. To be a writer, is superfluous. To be popular in Berlin W., is suspicious.

But the works of Lienhard, Bartels, Ganghofer, Thoma, and other representatives of *Heimatskunst* were overshadowed by the work of a village pastor from the North German heather country: Gustav Frenssen, whose "Jörn Uhl" and "Hilligenlei" were even translated into English. Close rivals of Frenssen are the Austrian Wilhelm Fischer, who said of realism in art:

> Real is everything that has been really felt. Thereby the sensual is spiritualized

and the Tyrolese Karl Schönherr, whose plays were among the most important dramatic productions of that decade. That Soergel mentions Wedekind, who was such a conspicuous figure in the Young Germany of the century's end only cursorily and enrols him in the group of writers treated in the supplementary volume which has since been published under the title "Im Banne des Expressionismus," is rather puzzling.

The work is sumptuously illustrated by reproductions of portraits by famous painters, caricatures, and title pages, and is a mine of information for the student specializing on modern German Literature. Comparison with the modest little volumes on English, American, or French literature of the present, exhibited in the book stores, gives rise to many a question.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

SKYSCRAPERS OF NEW YORK. By VERNON HOWE BAILEY. Rudge. 1928.

New Yorkers who have suddenly awakened to the growing majesty of their turreted city will discover anew its picturesqueness in the illustrations assembled in this volume. Mr. Bailey has selected for his black and white drawings some of the most imposing individual buildings and some of the most effectively massed groups of skyscrapers. The publishers have given to his drawings the aid of a handsome volume, with large pages, fine paper, and broad margins on which the sketches are admirably reproduced. It is a publication to rejoice in.

CYCLES OF TASTE. By *Frank P. Chambers.* Harvard Press. $2.

Belles Lettres

THE ANECDOTES AND EGOTISMS OF HENRY MACKENZIE, 1745-1831. Edited by HAROLD WILLIAM THOMPSON. Oxford University Press. 1927.

After lying in manuscript for over a hundred years, these papers have now finally seen the light in print. Mackenzie was the true man of letters in the number of his literary contacts. It is true that his Anecdotes add nothing considerable to what was already known about David Hume, Adam Smith, James Boswell, Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Viscount Melville, William Pitt, and hundreds of other persons in Scotland and England, more or less famous, whom Mackenzie had known in the course of his long life which began on the day Prince Charles landed in 1745. But they are charming to read, and with their details of manners and customs, and the intimate glimpses of so many interesting people, they give the modern reader a pleasant and familiar acquaintance with life in Edinburgh during one of its most lively literary and most important political periods.

At eighty years of age when he wrote out his "Anecdotes," Mackenzie had long outlived the sensibility of "The Man of Feeling"; he was not the Addison of the North who wrote the *Lounger;* he was an amiable, sensible old gentleman, with a sense of humor and some wit, who had all his life carried off characters and anecdotes from the dinners where he was so popular a guest. He knew how to talk, and he talked in the "Anecdotes."

It is to be regretted that the Burns anecdotes were missing from the manuscript, but even without them it was very much worth publishing. After reading the letters about Edinburgh in "Humphrey Clinker," one might well pause to make a more leisurely acquaintance with the city by reading the "Anecdotes and Egotisms" of Henry Mackenzie.

Mr. Thompson has arranged the "Anecdotes" in appropriate enough groups, furnished a biographical index of more than six hundred names, and written a neat introduction that promises well for his forthcoming biography of the "Addison of the North."

THOUGHTS WITHOUT WORDS. By *Clarence Day.* Knopf. $3.50.

STUDIES IN SOMBRE. By *James Sydney Johnson.* San Francisco: Windsor Press.

THE GRUB STREET JOURNAL. By *James T. Hillhouse.* Duke University Press. $3.

THE STUDY OF LITERATURE. By *Louise Dudley.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

PLEASANT PATHWAYS. By *Wilhelmina Harper* and *Aymer Jay Hamilton.* Macmillan.

SPOKESMEN. By *T. K. Whipple.* Appleton. $2.50.

STUDY OF LITERATURE. By *Louise Dudley.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

Biography

I ESCAPE! By CAPTAIN J. L. HARDY. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.

We have read but one other volume (there have not been many) of German prison-camp reminiscences which rivalled this for interest of narrative, and for its portrayal of sheer tenacity of purpose, and the extraordinary fertility of resource used by the author in striving to regain his freedom. Taken by the enemy early in the war, Captain, then Lieutenant, Hardy broke prison four times from as many different bases of confinement, but after each exploit was quickly recaptured. He thus passed three and a half years under German restraint, until finally, with a brother officer, escaping from Schweidnitz prison-camp, aided by remarkably forged papers, he travelled straight across the breadth of Germany into Belgium. Nor were the intrepid pair too late for a crack at the enemy, a crack so lusty on Hardy's part that it gained him his captaincy and his citations for valor, though at the cost of losing a leg. We recommend the book as a stirring contribution to practically the one branch of war literature which has not been done to death.

SERVICE RECORD. By an Artilleryman, L. V. JACKS. Scribner. 1928. $2.

Still the war books come—novels, true and fictional short stories, memoirs, histories, diaries—and the thing about them that impresses us is the comparatively excellent reading to be found in the majority rather than the formidable bulk of them in the mass. The present capable, frank, unsentimental record by a machine-gun private and cannoneer of the 119th Field Artillery, 32nd Division, describes the gruelling part played by his outfit in the three great American offensives of the summer and fall of 1918, the Aisne-Marne, the Oise-Aisne, the Meuse-Argonne. In writing of the losses sustained by the regiment during its last five months under almost constant fire, through all of which he served, the author says: "Out of 1,700 men with which the regiment had started, there were less than 1,000 now, and nearly 700 of them were replacements." Enough said.

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL RODMAN. Edited by *Zephaniah W. Pease.* New Bedford, Mass.: Reynolds Printing Co.

HAVELOCK ELLIS, PHILOSOPHER OF LOVE. By *Houston Peterson.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

LETTERS FROM A FLYING OFFICER. By *Rothesay Stuart Worthley.* Oxford University Press. $2.50.

CAPTAIN JACK. By *Henry Outerbridge.* Century. $2.

LINCOLN OR LEE. By *William E. Dodd.* Century. $2.

SOME MEMORIES OF A SOLDIER. By *Hugh Lenox Scott.* Century. $5.

Economics

HEALTH AND WEALTH. By *Louis I. Dublin.* Harpers.

THE TARIFF ON ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE OILS. By *Philip G. Wright.* Macmillan. $2.50.

SOVIET TRADE UNIONS. By *Robert W. Dunn.* Vanguard. $1.

DON'T TREAD ON ME. By *Clement Wood, McAlister Coleman,* and *Arthur Garfield Hays.* Vanguard. $1.

THE REMEDY FOR OVERPRODUCTION AND UNEMPLOYMENT. By *Hugo Bilgram.* Vanguard. $1.

Fiction

THE TWISTED TENDRIL. By ALICE GLASGOW. Stokes. 1928. $2.50.

This is historical romance in the most modern manner, swift, allusive, and full of rhetorical device. Miss Glasgow has written of John Wilkes Booth; of his love affair with Denise Vernay, a Southern beauty who sees him play in Richmond; of his sympathy with Southern secessionists; of his gradual entrance into a partnership of conspiracy with Lewis Payne, a fiery zealot; of the inclusion of Mrs. Suratt, Arnold, and Atzerodt in the plot; and of the assassination of Lincoln. The story is dexterously told, with an incisiveness and a brisk indication of atmosphere and historical detail which reminds us frequently of Joseph Hergesheimer. The author treats Booth sympathetically, but with the sympathy of compassion and not of admiration; his streak of insanity is tellingly indicated without being overemphasized. The final scenes of the pursuit, the escape across the Rappahannock, and the death at dawn in the doorway of Garrett's barn are especially well done. The book is not literature, but it is historical entertainment of an unusually good kind.

THE SON. By HILDUR DIXELIUS. Dutton. 1928. $2.

This is a tale of primitive folk told in the simplest of prose. Such reality and charm as it possesses arise from its forthrightness, its air of wishing to say as directly as possible just what happened. Sara Alelia, the heroine of Mr. Dixelius's earlier work, "The Minister's Daughter," is again protagonist, though the story is ostensibly about Sara's son. Our interest in Erik, however, is always secondary. Indeed, we see him chiefly—in so far as we see him at all—through his mother's letters and diaries. These, with their mingling of

(Continued on next page)

CAME THE YAWN-AT 9 P.M.
THE ZERO HOUR OF AMERICAN PARTY LIFE
YOU MAY-
be one of those whose thousand dollar bills, end to end, would reach from here to Dubuque, Ia.
Perhaps you have a Rolls Royce whose headlights start at 40th Street and whose tire carrier is even with 41st Street.
You may be perfectly able to charter the "Ile de France" for a pleasure trip.
You may have more polo ponies than Sixth Avenue has "L" posts.
To you caviar may be bourgeois.
A Thousand and One Nights With America's Gayest Party Throwers
Frank Crowninshield
Alexander Woollcott
Robert Sherwood
Robert Benchley
Heywood Broun
Lee Wilson Dodd
Herbert B. Swope
Rube Goldberg
Carl Van Doren
Henry S. Canby
Marion Davies
Deems Taylor
John Held, Jr.
H. T. Webster
Serge Koussevitsky
W. C. Fields
Milt Gross
and scores of others
OR YOU MAY
on the other hand, have to arise at the call of your furnace when the cock crows.
To you it may never seem necessary that a lunch counter have more than one arm.
Your Rolls Royce may be known, Britishly speaking, as a tram.
Your Mediterranean Cruiser may be a "Sunday Sidewheeler."
Whatll We Do Now?
Being Various Ways of Keeping the Party at Full Cry
BUT-IN EITHER CASE!
WHEN the clock on the mantel gets around to 9 P. M.; when your guests begin to fidget and to "wonder about trains"; when they sit with open mouths (unfortunately with one hand upraised before each respective mouth); then, rich or poor, young or old, spry or decrepit, blonde or brunette, one big question looms before every anxious host and every harassed hostess:
What'll We Do Now?
SOCIAL popularity and the ecstasy of many uproarious party nights have never been offered (except in liquid form) for such an amount—$1.90! Your bookseller will gladly make the exchange.
Pledged to break down the wall between guest and host, ready with "first aid till the milkman comes", Messrs. Longstreth and Holton, editors and compilers of "What'll We Do Now?", present in this handy life-saving opus the favorite games upon which scores of celebrities (see partial list herewith) always depend to pull any party out of its 9 o'clock slough of despond. This is the sure-fire stuff without which the social fabric of America's cleverest people would quickly turn to drab burlap. The games are tested, authentic, workable. This book tells how.
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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 33. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best "Ballade of Dead Poets." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, not later than the morning of June 11.)

Competition No. 34. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing "Poem with a Serious Moral" in not more than forty lines of rhymed heroic verse. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of June 18.)

Competitors' attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE THIRTIETH COMPETITION

The prize of fifteen dollars offered for the best Inscription for a Memorial to President Wilson at Geneva has been awarded to Dorothy Homans.

THE PRIZE INSCRIPTION

HE was one who saw too far
For those who see things as they are.

DOROTHY HOMANS.

Most of the entries were very weak. Nobody successfully attempted prose except on the lines of obvious statement. Much as I admired the adequate simplicity of the innumerable entries that read merely "Woodrow Wilson. 1856-1924. The Great American Citizen, Teacher, War President, Lover of Peace and Unity of Nations" (to take a typical instance) I could not find it in my heart to let fifteen dollars go so easily. Miss Dorothy Homans, I think, thoroughly deserves the prize. Possibly the kind of committee that is usually allowed to select such inscriptions would prefer the less challenging couplet by Mary Isabelle O'Sullivan.

Pause not, O Stranger, in your fight.
Know well
My vision conquers, though my banner fell.

This seemed to me slightly too conventional. Deborah C. Jones deserves special praise for five vital lines.

The wild hawks in the sky
Gaze mile on mile, but wheel
Their lonely way too high
For us to know, who feel
Rather than hear their shrill prophetic cry.

But I could not quite see this as an inscription much as I admired it as a striking metaphor. The only other notable entry in a batch larger than the average was by Homer M. Parsons:

Then let there not be words, when words but scar
The stone they're cut in. Words and stone shall crumble.
Dreams, rather! That abiding Peace may come.
Who then shall muse on bronze or pallid marble?

This seems to be a variation of Analyzed Rhyme which is catching on in California. Of the less original inscriptions W. V. Zahniser's stands out. "He labored for the fulfilment of the prophecy of Isaiah—*They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.*" Lyday Sloanoker and H. C. Lucas also deserve mention.

I am glad to have space to print some verses held over from recent competitions.

Lyrics without S or And.

I. HOLY CAT

The Mother Cat looked down from the moon
On the children of her blood.
The lion, lord of the torrid zone,
The lynx of the northern wood,
The vain Angora with velvet fur,
The Tom with the tooth-torn ear—
All heard her call:
"Good hunting, all,
For the whole of the glad New Year!"

O Mother! up on the cold, blue roof,
Where you keep no law of man,
Be thanked for the voice, the tooth, the claw
That you gave to your tiger clan!
May you never fail of a fighting paw,
Be the weather fair or foul!
Your prey be meat
For a queen to eat
Wherever you care to prowl!

CLARIBEL WEEKS AVERY.

II. ANTICIPATION

When I've a garden all my own
No pretty plant will there be grown;
I'll have no hackneyed mignonette,
No pale, poetic violet;
No timid blue forget-me-not
Will fringe my little garden plot.
I know there never will be room
For fragrant prim, or old time bloom.

But I will have a well-raked bed
For lettuce-leaf, for cabbage-head,
A burial-mound for celery,
A pole for bean, a fence for pea;
In place of picking a bouquet
I'll dig one out of loamy clay;
Muddy I'll bear it in my lap
To bathe it at the water-tap;
Then, dipping from the tub beneath,
Crunch a wee carrot twixt my teeth,
Clean orange, dripping icy cold
Flavored with earthy tang of mold.
Next pull a lettuce-head apart
To find the curly, tight-packed heart,
Then nibble for a final bite
One little onion, pearly white.

"FOX BUTLER."

III. DER ATLAS

(*Translated from Heine*)

Woe upon me! huge-burdened!
doomed to bear
A world of grief that never will depart—
A world of woe unbearable—Ah me!
I bear it in my heart!

O haughty heart, behold thy lifelong dream;
Thy dream of utter joy beyond belief—
Or utter woe . . . . O burdened, haughty heart,
Bear now thine utter grief!

LEONARD DOUGHTY.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison. *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

pious reflections, family news, and practical suggestions, have a curiously appealing quality and the very flavor of actuality. One can well believe that just such naïve, earnest, and God-fearing people lived in the northern part of Sweden in the early part of the nineteenth century; one even surmises that the author may have drawn upon family archives for her material.

THE GILDED CARAVAN. By ALICE WOODS. Minton, Balch. 1927. $2.50.

Americans abroad, be they innocent or otherwise, fall easily into three groups, each one of which is receiving attention from American writers at present. There are the simple tourists, whose narrated exploits seem to amuse no one more than the tourists themselves; and there is the "Dome" coterie who may wander occasionally into Spain on piscatory amatory adventures, but whose natural habitat is the Rive Gauche; and then there are the wealthy Americans who buy up foreign villas or châteaux and expatriate themselves more or less permanently. "The Gilded Caravan" carries members of the last class.

A young American couple, "too rich to be ambitious," go to Europe for their honeymoon—and stay. They move from one hotel *de luxe* to another, from the Riviera to Paris, and from Paris to Trouville and around again, "following the strawberries." Money and excitement make up their days and nights. On the surface they appear to have everything that the world might envy. Underneath? An English character sums it up—"The American way. New people. Don't know how to idle. Puritan conscience, got to be doing things." But they go on doing nothing. Back to America, then back to France. A frantic attempt to touch life and a constant, though unacknowledged failure to do so. They call themselves, laughingly, do-nothings; they feel themselves, bitterly, on-lookers. Through their glittering world Alice Woods tracks them as mercilessly as Hogarth tracked the progress of his Rake. The brilliant settings, the feverish activities, and the crowds of characters are never permitted to obscure the futility of the central figures. "The Gilded Caravan" is an important page to be fitted into the fictional loose-leaf notebook on La Comédie Americaine.

THE KEY OF LIFE. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

The first portions of this latest novel by Francis Brett Young, the accounts of the heroine's environment and family in England, of her meeting with the young archæologist to whom she becomes engaged, and of her trip to Egypt where her wedding is to take place, though interesting, and though enlivened by veracious personalities, are but a prologue to the real story. They tend subsequently to grow shadowy as the story advances, despite the fact that the character drawing is excellent.

In the third book, however, the basic idea of the novel comes to view; it is striking, original, and powerful, even to the reader with no personal knowledge of Egypt. Mr. Young depicts the constant contrast and struggle between ancient and modern Egypt—the life of today laboring against the domination of the past. It is against the dead hand of the past that Ruth and Bezuidenhout rebel; their rebellion is graphically and powerfully portrayed in opposition to the interest and the devotion of the archæologists.

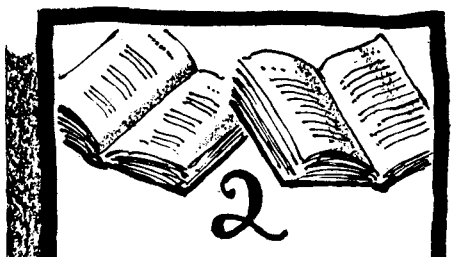
FUN OF THE FAIR. By *Eden Phillpotts*. (Widecombe Edition.) Macmillan.

BROTHER MAN. By *Eden Phillpotts*. (Widecombe Edition.) Macmillan.

PILGRIMS OF THE IMPOSSIBLE. By *Coningsby Dawson*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

WAY OF SACRIFICE. By *Fritz von Unruh*. Knopf. $2.50.

(*Continued on page* 920)



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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker's summer headquarters will be at 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea, London.

H. W. O., North Carolina, asks for the best books describing more or less intimately war experiences of American soldiers, including fiction and story.

WHEN I replied to this by mail, some weeks since, I said that I would print the latest additions to the literature of the Great War in a list to be added to bibliographies on file in large public libraries. But I did not realize the rapidity with which these books are rushing in. I have held it over all this time because it has been constantly thrown out of alignment by new arrivals, and by the time it gets into print it may have conspicuous omissions. But we must begin it with two histories: "A. E. F.," a rugged history of our part in the war, by Maj. Gen. Hunter Liggett (Dodd), full of anecdotes with a ring, and "The A. E. F. in Battle," by Dale Every (Appleton), in which veterans may look up the record of each company, regiment and division, and its activities in France. Both of these remind me of Swinton's "Army of the Potomac," a book I have never read, but which my father held in such affection that he would not willingly have been parted from it for a week. Maj. Gen. Liggett is one of those whose war record is revalued —marked up, too—in Capt. Liddell Hart's "Reputations Ten Years After" (Little). Of personal experiences we have "Service Record of an Artilleryman," by Leo V. Jacks (Scribner), a story of danger and daring; "Rank and File" (Scribner), Theodore Roosevelt's narrative of his own and others' experience, illustrated by an inspired war-artist, J. W. Thomason, author and illustrator of "Fix Bayonets" (Scribner). "Let's Go," by Louis Felix Ranlett (Houghton), is by a Freshman who enlisted, was sent overseas and into battle at once, cited for bravery and discharged 40% disabled: his impressions are set down as they come. "L. M. 8046," by David Wooster King (Duffield), is a diary of the Foreign Legion by a Harvard boy who joined up at the outbreak of the War, lost an eye and gained citations and decorations. "The Legion of the Damned," by Bennett Doty (Century), is another personal record of life with this aggregation: he was not in the Great War, but had plenty of trouble fighting Druses and such. "Garde à Vous," by J. D. Newton (Doubleday Doran), is a novel of the Foreign Legion: the author's short stories of the Legion have been widely praised. "Father Duffy's Story," by Francis Patrick Duffy (Doubleday Doran), tells of life and death with the Fighting Sixty-ninth. "Finding Themselves," by Julia C. Stimson (Macmillan), is made out of letters from an American nurse in a British hospital in France; "Sister," by Helen Dore Boyleston (Ives Washburn), comes from a front-line dressing station.

The air service is coming out strong in war fiction. "Gods of Yesterday" is the significant title of James Warner Bellah's book of stories of war aviators. "Leave me With a Smile," by Elliott White Springs (Doubleday Doran), shows what becomes of some of the returned aviators. "Parachute," by Ramon Guthrie (Harcourt), makes no bones of telling just what happens to some of them, especially when they are convalescing in a fashionable hospital in a rich little town, and when one of them never had any morals anyway. The Oxford University Press says that Rothesay Stuart Wortley's "Letters from a Flying Officer" (Oxford), is as near a novel as this stately house has ever produced: the author has invented an imaginary officer, but the experiences are his own. "The Tired Captains," by Kent Curtis (Appleton), is a heartfelt story of how Miles Knight goes to war out of loneliness, wins fame and friends and loses both. "Sergeant Eadie," by Leonard Nason (Doubleday Doran), needs only to be named to the readers of "Chevrons."

The most comprehensive and comprehending novel of the war so far seems to me to be by Edward Thompson, whose "These Men, Thy Friends" (Harcourt), goes with the British to Mesopotamia. Not that my non-combatant judgment is worth anything save on its power to hold the attention of a non-combatant and satisfy a lover of good English, but it has pleased no less authority than Mottram of "The Spanish Farm," and will, I dare be bound, move the heart of any soldier with its sincerity, freedom of speech, and reserve of manner. The personal experiences of several Englishmen lately published here will fit in with this list: "A Subaltern on the Somme," by Mark VII (Dutton), is a stark record of actual war by a man old enough to be married and steady. "Carry On, Sergeant," by Bruce Bairnsfather (Bobbs), tells among other things how "Old Bill" sprang into existence: anything about these pictures and their accompanying legends is a document of the war, for they certainly helped to bring it through. "Religion Militis," by Austin Hopkinson (Scribner), was planned in the trenches before Ypres: the author was a business man, an M. P., head of a large profit-sharing industrial corporation, who went into the war with an idea that something real and lasting might come out of it. Dean Inge has spoken of this book. "I Escape," by Captain J. L. Hardy (Dodd), is a thriller from real life, the escape being from a German prison camp. There have lately appeared two stories about brilliant enemies, Floyd Gibbons's "The Red Knight of Germany" (Doubleday Doran), and Lowell Thomas's "Count Luckner, the Sea Devil" (Doubleday Doran), and speaking of subsea warfare, Edward Noble's "Moving Waters" (Houghton), is a novel about submarine war.

Stimulated by the offer of a $25,000 prize, there must be many more war novels in process of construction. This sum is held out by *The American Legion Monthly* and the Houghton Mifflin Company jointly, for the best novel dealing with the period of the World War and with the war as its background. Manuscripts should be sent to Houghton Mifflin, 2 Park Street, Boston, Mass., before May 1, 1929, and should not be less than 70,000 words. Full particulars on application to the publishers at this address.

H. M. B., Winona, Minn., asked me late last Fall for biographies of Andrew Johnson, and I could give him only a few inadequate references, most of them out of print. But the book for which he was looking has meantime appeared, "Andrew Johnson: Plebeian and Patriot," by Robert W. Winston (Holt), his first full-length biography, not only from the written records, but out of personal reports, memories, and reminiscences. Neither hero-worship nor mud-slinging inspires the effort, but in the course of the reconstruction of his record something like rehabilitation takes place. This is a valuable addition to the literature of the period, the tang of many of the anecdotes making it easy reading. Johnson is treated with less consideration in the new and enlarged edition of "American Presidents, Their Individualities and Their Contributions to American Progress," by Thomas F. Moran (Crowell), in which the student of our political life may see almost at a glance which have been our great Chief Executives—at least in the author's opinion—which have been great men, which were good Presidents and in what respects, which were just the run of the mill, and which were pretty poor pickings. This makes a more interesting approach to American history than one might think from the title of the book. There is a brief biography of Johnson in William Starr Myers's "The Republican Party" (Century), with a careful account of the proceedings leading up to the impeachment trial. This history, together with the companion volume, Frank Kent's "The Democratic Party" (Century), will be valuable not only in this presidential year, but for years to come.

AS I look back over the list of novels of escape which I ran recently, I realize that with very little stretching I could have made it cover "Dark Princess," by Burghardt Du Bois (Harcourt). In this desperate and pathetic romance, a negro medical student, debarred from graduation by race prejudice, flies raging to Europe and there meets a dusky royalty of India, revolutionary and mystic, at whose bidding he enters upon such an enterprise as one might dream after too much reading of Lothrop Stoddard. But the intent of and reason for this book's wild beauty and impassioned earnestness is escape out of intolerable reality. At least, so it seems to one attentive reader.

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Fiction

(*Continued from page 918*)

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IT was a piece of particularly hard luck that brought Dr. Otto Vollbehr's "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima" to the auction block just at the time when every collector of Americana had his eyes, and his money, placed on the extraordinary rarities from the library of Lord Leconfield, at Sotheby's. The English sale proved that the really desirable American items, such as the earliest tracts about Virginia and New England, are more eagerly sought for than ever before. They used to be dear, but procurable, at about a thousand pounds; now they fetch from three to six times that sum, and the under-bidder is likely to wait a long time before he has another chance.

On the other hand, the merely conventional "America," printed a hundred years earlier, in a language that nobody reads any more, found a very dull market. Harrisse is no longer, for the time being at any rate, a name to conjure by, and "B.A.V." means nothing to this generation. To judge from this sale, those former aristocrats of the auction stage are now in the "ten, twent', thirt'" class, while some of their lesser satellites went down at three and four dollars. But it would be a very foolish prophecy to foretell from this bit of evidence that early Americana is on its way to keep company with the once-priced Elizevirs and Aldines. Every one of these books was printed before the year 1551, and each of them contains something about the New World, for this is what "Harrisse B. A. V." means. They are a part of the fundamental annals of this continent, and if anybody thinks that what they sold for is what they are worth, he will learn a good deal by trying to buy them from the very shrewd bookseller who took most of the bargains.

Of course this was far from being the whole of the story. The exceptionally good copies and the books of abiding interest told another tale. A nice copy of the Third Letter of Cortes from Mexico, printed at Seville in 1523, went to $3,300, while the fourth of 1526 rose to $4,600, and both were cheap at that. Copernicus "De Revolutionibus Orbium," Nuremberg, 1543, fetched $775. The Verardus Columbus, printed at Basel in 1494, with the same cuts used a few months earlier in the famous first illustrated edition of the Columbus Letter, stopped at $2,050, a price which suggests that the few wormholes which the cataloguer noticed must have looked larger to the buyer. The Alcala, 1530, edition of Peter Martyr's "De Orbe Novo" brought $1,650, and the Salamanca, 1498, Cosmography of Pomponius Mela fell at $850. Somebody got a bargain in the 1529, Logrono, Spanish translation of Marco Polo's travels, at $350, and another was the "Coronica de Aragon," printed at Zaragoza in 1499, at $1,500.

If the earliest Americana is in the doldrums, there seems to be an equal blight on nineteenth century mid-Western material, to judge from another Americana auction a week later. The ordinary items averaged about the same in the two sales, proving what so often appears, that prices are fixed by what the buyer has in mind to spend, rather than by intrinsic merit, when there is nothing exceptional at stake. This was shown even better, in the latter sale, by the curious fluctuations in prices given for some of the old maps which had purely superficial attractiveness, and which in consequence went to triple the norm of the sale.

The bargain in this sale was a printed circular letter issued by the Whig committee of Congressmen who were managing the Presidential campaign for General Taylor in 1848, signed by Lincoln, with a postscript in his handwriting. It brought $200. The manuscript journal of an early settler at Leavenworth, Kansas, from 1854 to 1880, split up into several lots, brought $500, while the original manuscript minutes of the meetings of the Topeka Association, from 1854 to 1858, fetched $175. Prices like these are no inducement to the preservation of records which are already priceless. One can do better hunting for Currier and Ives colored lithographs, of which there were just a hundred in the sale. Several brought good prices, $300 or better; The Lightning Express Train, 1863; Night Scene at an American Railway Junction, 1876; The Buffalo Hunt, 1862 ($420); and The Skating Pond in Central Park, 1862.

Attention should be called to one other item in this sale which sold for $110. The auction catalogue says it was "A set of six original drawings of a newly invented and one of the earliest electrical machines, two of which are signed B. F." The description is headed "Original Drawings by Benjamin Franklin." The price is sufficient evidence that no one was deceived, for any hundred year old drawing of an electrical contrivance ought to be worth a hundred dollars at the present time. It is even better evidence of what is keeping buyers away from the auction houses.

These auction prices compare favorably with those in the latest "Americana" catalogue, issued by the Dauber and Pine Bookshops at 66 Fifth Avenue, made up from the library of Ambrose E. Gonzales, and especially right in items relating to the Southern states. A manuscript record book kept by two of the Agents of South Carolina in London, from 1758 to 1766, is priced at $1,750. One may fairly wonder what it would be worth if it had to do with Kansas, and also what it would fetch at public sale,—neither of which considerations affect its intrinsic value, which must be very considerable.

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This is no time of year for gardeners to waste their time looking at old books, but if they are obliged to be in New York, they may like to know that the collection of early herbals made by Dr. Karl Becher of Karlsbad is (except for such volumes as have already found a new home) in Lathrop C. Harper's 40th Street shop. This collection was described in Bulletin XII of L'Art Ancien of Lugano, three years ago, with an introductory essay by Dr. Arnold C. Klebs, which speaks of "the beauty of its copies and the completeness of the various series of editions."

THREE B. R. ITEMS

THREE recent books from the hand of Mr. Rogers, printed by William Edwin Rudge, while not especially significant because done in the manner familiar to Mr. Rogers's friends, are yet so charmingly thought out and so carefully printed that they deserve comment.

The first is "The Heart's Journey," by Siegfried Sassoon, 599 copies, published by Crosby Gaige. It is, like the other two books, a thin quarto, of the form in which Mr. Rogers works so facilely. The paper is a mellow rag sheet, the type is Granjon, and the binding dark blue paper boards with Holland back. The contents consists of poems by Sassoon on a variety of subjects.

"Monmouth," an unpublished play (incomplete), written at the age of eighteen by R. L. Stevenson, is published by Rudge. The propriety of printing what the author did not esteem enough to issue in his lifetime, may be questioned: but no question can arise over the printing of the play. It is a fine piece of conservative type-work, careful printing, and handsome binding.

Lastly, and most interesting, is "The Silver Cat," by Humbert Wolfe, published by the Bowling Green Press. The verse is readable—and that, to me, is high praise when one considers the thin stuff of most modern poets—and it is printed on gray paper between border lines in silver ink—and there is a silver cat on the title-page. The whole effect is graceful and lovely, although printing in silver ink can never be entirely satisfactory.

These books are all set in a fine face of type called Granjon, possibly the very best machine-face there is. They are, as a group, beautiful things, such as Mr. Rogers knows how to make better than anyone else. R.

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THOMAS HARDY HONORED

YALE UNIVERSITY has just paid homage to Hardy by exercises in his memory, and by an exhibition of first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts.

The exercises were held in Sprague Hall, and were very largely attended. President Angell presided. Professor Phelps spoke at some length on Hardy as he knew him, relating numerous incidents in Hardy's life and giving personal and intimate pictures of author, novels, and Wessex. He emphasized the fact that the novels were written from necessity, and Hardy did not greatly esteem them: the poetry was written from preference, and though less known to the world and less admired, dearer to the author.

Professor Tinker read the opening chapter in "The Return of the Native," and selections from Hardy's verse.

During the week of April 21-28, the Yale University Library sponsorsed in Memorial Hall, an exhibition of First Editions, Autograph Letters, and Manuscripts of Hardy, gathered from several sources and arranged and catalogued by Richard L. Purdy, of the Library staff. Among interesting items included were: "Domicilium," Hardy's earliest known production in verse (1857-60), though printed only in 1916, rare firsts of "Desperate Remedies," "Far from the Madding Crowd," and "The Dynasts," first and later editions of all of Hardy's work, together with much autograph material throwing light on the man or the work. The catalogue does not pretend to be a complete bibliography, and although well-annotated purposely avoids controversial matters. It will be useful to Hardy collectors. R.

The Hardy Fund

Harper & Brothers, with whom the *Saturday Review* is collaborating in raising a fund for a memorial to Thomas Hardy, announce that contributions up to date amount to $546.

G. B. Picotti, in his "La Giovinezza di Leone X" (Milan: Hoepli), has furnished a colorful and at the same time scholarly portrayal of Medicean Florence and of the Pisan University when Giovanni de' Medici (Leo X) and Cæsar Borgia were undergraduates.

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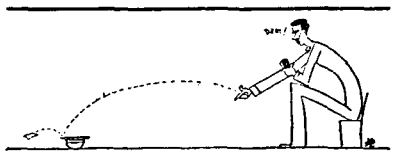

BOB SHERWOOD
Playing In Your Hat
(One of the thousand and one party stunts in *What'll We Do Now?*

To describe this merely as a red-letter day would be a confession of adjectival weakness on the part of the publishers of *Hearst—An American Phenomenon.* Rather more effective would be the description employed by one of the Hearst lieutenants in describing his chief's journalistic policy:

We are offering the populace eight pages of iridescent polychromous effulgence that makes the rainbow look like a lead-pipe!

This, then, is an iridescent, polychromous, rainbow-dimming day for *The Inner Sanctum,* for it is celebrating three notable events:

1—The publication of *Hearst—An American Phenomenon,* by JOHN K. WINKLER.
2—The publication of *What'll We Do Now?—The Party Book,* by EDWARD T. LONGSTRETH AND LEONARD HOLTON.
3—The second anniversary of the publication of *The Story of Philosophy,* already read by more than a million persons.

Further details about *Hearst* and *What'll We Do Now?* are set forth on pages 915 and 917 of this publication.

If readers wish to find out the inside story about the "*You-furnish-the pictures—I'll-furnish-the-war*" telegram alleged to have been dispatched by HEARST, or the truth about the Hearst campaign against polygamy ("*Crush the harem, protect the home!*") they are respectfully referred to page 915 of this issue, which will in turn titillate their curiosity and send them hurtling to the nearest bookstore.

At least, *The Inner Sanctum* is wagering many thousands of advertising dollars on that naive expectation.

The same clamorous advice is also offered to readers who would like to have a party thrown for their benefit by the Kahn boys, Otto and Ghengis—or would like to experience an intimate week-end at Hollywood or a rag tag and bobtail with the world's gayest players of "*Murder*", "*It*", "*Charades*", "*In Your Hat*" and several hundred other forms of the pursuit of happiness. See page of this issue and then ask your bookseller *What'll We Do Now?*

ESSANDESS.

Besides being a breezy, dashing romance, this fascinating novel recites the adventures of newlyweds and the thrilling, hair-breadth escapes of one of the greatest crooks of the century.

Honeymoon Millions
By Steuart Emery
$2.00
E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The best detective story so far this year."
—The Forum.

The Greene Murder Case
A Philo Vance Novel
by S. S. Van Dine
$2.00 **Scribners**

THE PHOENIX NEST

LAST Wednesday the Bremen fliers concluded their good will tour of this country and are in retirement over Monday, finishing their book "The Three Musketeers of the Air" for Putnam. The book will be published early in July; there will be two separate and distinct versions, and the German version will be entitled "Die Drei Luftmusketiere: Die Geschichte des Ersten Atlantikfluges von Ost nach West." The feats of transatlantic fliers in mere piloting seem to us almost to pale beside the celerity with which they manage to produce books about their exploits. No sooner is the flight accomplished than a book is dashed off about it. It takes our breath away. . . .

We understand that *William Gerhardi,* in his new novel being brought out by Duffield, "Eva's Apples," has put *Arnold Bennett* into the story in a minor part. He is Vernon Sprott, "the foreman of British fiction." "Eva's Apples" will be out in June and then you can see whether or not you think it is a good portrait. . . .

Theatre Arts, Inc., is publishing "*Isadora Duncan:* The Art of the Dance," to which are added forewords by *Margherita Duncan, Raymond Duncan, Robert Edmond Jones, Eva Le Gallienne,* and *Mary Fanton Roberts.* It is edited, with an introduction, by *Sheldon Cheney.* It has thirty-two plates, from original drawings by *Antoine Bourdelle* and others, and from photographs by *Arnold Genthe, Edouard Steichen,* and others. This is a limited edition at seven-fifty per copy. It will appear in the fall; November first, to be exact. This is the best permanent memorial, beside "My Life" (published recently by Boni & Liveright), that one could possess of the great Isadora. . . .

William Ellery Leonard's "Poet of Galilee," a book on the personality of Jesus which he wrote before he became known as a poet, is now reissued by the Viking Press. In a new preface to it, Mr. Leonard speaks of "commercializers like *Barton* and sentimentalizers like *Papini,* who have made the Son of Man a motley to the view." Mr. Leonard points out, among other things, Barton's praise of the "good business English" used by Jesus, illustrating from the Gospels and conveniently forgetting the polysyllables of the original Aramaic in which it was spoken. . . .

The complete record of the *Sacco-Vanzetti* trial is to be published by Henry Holt & Company in six octavo volumes, the first to appear this month, and the other five to follow at regular intervals, so that the set will be complete by early autumn. This project has been undertaken as a matter of public service, and no profits are to accrue to any one from it. Its publication is backed by a committee including *Newton D. Baker, Emory R. Buckner, Raymond B. Fosdick, Elihu Root,* and so on. The set may be bought for twenty-five dollars. . . .

"The New Russia," a comprehensive picture of life under the Soviets, is *Dorothy Thompson's* first book. Miss Thompson has just become *Mrs. Sinclair Lewis.* Most of her book on Russia originally appeared in the *New York Evening Post* and other newspapers. But in the book four hitherto-unprinted chapters are added to the newspaper series. Holt is the publisher. . . .

Carl Van Vechten's latest novel, "Spider Boy," advance proofs of which we have pored over, strikes us as the most gorgeous picture of the buncombe of the Movies that we have read. Some of it sounds almost incredibly fantastic and yet, oddly enough, quite convincing. The actual Hollywood is here, in this book, and with a vengeance. The novel struck us as extremely amusing. It gives the whole panorama. It is rich in fabric. It takes advantage of all its opportunities,—and what opportunities it has! What a place! What people! . . .

Isidor Schneider, for four years advertising manager of Boni and Liveright, has left with his wife to spend a year or more in Europe. He will devote his entire time to writing. His long narrative poem, "The Temptation of Anthony," which originally appeared in "The American Caravan," was published recently by his firm together with a selection from his other poems. The Schneiders have gone first to France, but later in the summer will repair to England where they are taking *Llewellyn Powys's* cottage on the Surrey downs for the month of August. . . .

Longmans, Green and Company are staging a Juvenile Fiction Competition, the judges of which are *Dorothy Canfield Fisher, May Lamberton Becker,* and *Padraic Colum.* Any one may compete, and a "first book" will receive the same consideration given to the work of an experienced author. Any original unpublished story in English suitable for boys or girls from twelve to sixteen may be submitted, with no limitation as to plot, title, or style. The book must be typewritten, double-spaced, written on one side of the paper only, and sent to Contest Editor, Children's Book Department, Longmans, Green and Company, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. It must be not less than 50,000 and not more than 60,000 words long. The competition closes on December 31st, 1928. A check for two thousand dollars in addition to a contract granting a royalty of ten per cent. and a widespread publicity for the author of the story, are the rewards. Whether or not a book is awarded the prize by the judges, the author agrees to enter into a contract with Longmans, Green, for its publication, at their usual terms, if so desired. . . .

Donald Davidson, the southern poet, is now editing the weekly book review page of the *Nashville Tennessean.* His page is also appearing each week in the *Memphis Commercial-Appeal* and the *Knoxville Journal.* . . .

You have probably seen the widely-advertised competition in regard to *Clarence Day's* new volume of inimitable verses and drawings, "Thoughts without Words." If you can complete one of the rhymes which is incomplete and is, to be exact, on Page 24 of the book, you may drag down a hundred bucks. The contest closes Friday, June 29th. For any further particulars, apply to Knopf. . . .

A most unusual poem, an epic called "The New Argonautica" has been written by *Walter Brooks Drayton Henderson,* has been published in England by Jonathan Cape, and will be brought out by Macmillan in this country. It concerns a supposed voyage among the stars made by the immortal spirits of *Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, Ponce de Leon,* and *Nunez da Vaca.* . . .

Osta mañana!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The Dutton Book of the Month for May

THE FRIEND OF ANTAEUS

By Gerard Hopkins

$2.50

"A novel for the worldly-wise," says *The New York Times* of this most unusual story concerning the turbulent love of Evadne, "the unfortunate woman," Magdalene and Wace.
"There's a lot more in the world to be seen than you ever suspected with your Italian Churches and your wispy Madonnas"—and the inhibited wife hears many truths which she never even suspected.
"Well-told, penetrating, concise, intellectual, analytical, and decidedly clever."—*Canton Daily News.*

E. P. Dutton & Co.

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All considered in relation to the poetic temper and the practical temper in American life. The work of each is appraised as a whole and in detail, in excellent individual studies. Bibliographies given for each writer.

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Modern Writers and American Life

By T. K. WHIPPLE
This Is an Appleton Book
$2.50

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"It is hard to describe the quality of 'The Hotel' without seeming over-enthusiastic. . . . All this matter Miss Bowen handles with easy strength. The manner is even better than the matter. Sensitive, distinguished, flexible prose . . . such wit, such intelligence, such altruistic verisimilitudes, such delightful fragments of dialogue, such engaging people."
Rose Macaulay in the *London Daily News.*

The Hotel
$2.50
By Elizabeth Bowen
The Choice of The Book-of-the-Month Club for April

"Exquisite comedy of the mirths and acids of social observation . . . the subtle pourri of real sophistication. It is social comedy of the most intricate merit, malicious and tender Its people are dreadfully alive. It conveys genuine tragedy and pity, and even a sense of the sinister. Elizabeth Bowen can impart tragedy in a flash. Her crisp dialogue makes one hanker for a stage to hear it on. It is a brilliant and triumphant book."
Christopher Morley in *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

Henry Longan Stuart in *The New York Times.*
"A novel that puts her in the first rank of the brilliant women writers whose lucidity and power to improvise fresh themes while adhering to classic mediums of speech seem to be the best defense fictional literature possesses just now against the clumsy hands that impatience and empiricism would lay upon it."

Bruce Gould in the *New York Evening Post.*
"Her novel takes immediate hold upon you from the first page. One is greatly tempted to call this high comedy, if one only knew what high comedy was. You will undoubtedly be hearing a great deal from time to time of Miss Bowen. The Book-of-the-Month Club is quite certain that Miss Bowen will achieve literary fame with this first novel. It would seem to be true."

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Points of View

Help!

As President of the American Centre of the P. E. N. Club I am submitting the following letter to the Saturday Review.

HENRY S. CANBY.

To the President, American Centre, P. E. N.

SIR:

An earthquake has destroyed the most beautiful and fertile section of our unhappy Bulgaria. Hundreds of villages and a number of cities, among them Philippopolis, the economic and cultural centre of southern Bulgaria, are now mere heaps of ruins. More than twenty thousand homes have been destroyed either totally or in part. Over a thousand persons have been killed or wounded. More than 200,000 persons, the chief part of them women, children, and the aged, are without shelter. And as a final horror, the earthquake has been followed by cold and persistently rainy weather, rations have run short, and as a result serious ills which threaten to become epidemic are rife. A rough calculation places material losses at around a thousand million levas.

Dismay reigns throughout the country. It has not, to be sure, paralyzed the energy of our small nation, for the people have set their teeth and are bearing up under superhuman sufferings. They are giving all they can for the benefit of the victims, but impoverished as they are by a succession of wars and misfortunes, and especially by the reparations which they are forced to pay, they will never by their own efforts be able to raise the enormous sums necessary to compensate for their losses.

It is absolutely essential that the world at large come to our aid. All the Bulgarian sections of international organizations have sent appeals to their Centrals. We are taking the liberty of doing the same. We know, of course, that we cannot count on getting much assistance from you direct. But your moral support is most precious to us. The international organization of Pen Clubs counts among its membership the most eminent writers in the world, writers who represent the conscience and moral force of society.

It has been shown that a single word from a writer is often enough to wake sympathy in the hardest heart. It is this word that we are hoping for from our great colleagues. May they raise their voices in behalf of the thousands of unfortunate who silently stretch out their arms toward them. Let us show that humanity and international brotherhood are not idle phrases. Who better than the writer has the right to call on hearts and consciences!

We hope that our appeal will evoke a sympathetic response.

IV. CHICHMANOV,
President, Bulgarian Centre, P. E. N.
Rue Chipka 11, Sofia, Bulgaria.

"Oriental Art"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In your issue of November 26, 1927, I find a review of my book "Decorative Motives of Oriental Art" in which you say, "The author's belief in an American civilization reaching back to eleven thousand B.C. arouses grave misgivings as to her scholarship . . . ."

Dr. Maximus Neumayer, the noted Brazilian archæologist, affirms that one monument in Mexico City is 13,100 years of age. This was told to me in 1922, during a summer's stay in Mexico City, where I had the opportunity of meeting a number of eminent archæologists. Furthermore, I have heard it said quite authoritatively, that the pyramids to the Sun and Moon, at San Juan Teotihuacan are believed to be at least thirty thousand years old.

I am inclined to question the scholarship of your reviewer, and to suggest to him that a study of the most recent literature on the subject of the ancient American civilization might give him a later finding on this subject than he now appears to possess.

I should also like to know just what your reviewer means when he says "but it is fair to add that her work, dealing as it does with quite recent legend and folklore, is out of the tradition of exact scholarship . . . ."

The legend and folklore given in my book are anything but recent, which again makes me feel that the reviewer is not as well read as he should be. Twenty-five years I spent collecting my material; ten years I spent writing the book. And I always was sure to verify, not once, but several times, every new fact I offered. There may be mistakes, but I do not feel that your reviewer has given them.

KATHERINE M. BALL.

Exception Taken

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

I have read with great interest Professor Malinowski's review in the last number of *The Saturday Review of Literature.* Dr. Malinowski's method is so much to be admired that it is all the more regrettable that in defending it he seems to lash out in all directions with such deplorable lack of discrimination. I do not think that his statement "Stories have been taken down without any cultural context and projected out of native life into the ethnographer's notebook . . . as if from the beginning they had led a flat existence on paper" with an appended reference to Dr. Boas's monograph on Tsimshiam mythology should go unchallenged. For it is just in this book that the functionalist position which Dr. Malinowski upholds so violently is best exemplified in method. Professor Boas, after presenting some three hundred pages of folk tales carefully recorded, then takes two hundred pages more to show the place of these tales in the lives of the people. I have not noticed Professor Malinowski giving us such a mass of material from his Trobriand Islanders. It is to be hoped he will do so and thus give us some of the material on which he bases his criticisms of others.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS.
Northwestern University.

Café de la Coupole

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In your issue of March 21st Mr. William Leon Smyser writes, in his article on Sisley Huddleston:

> while those two institutions, the Café du Dome and Ezra Pound, editor of the *Exile,* are delightfully transformed into the Café de la Coupole and Ezra Ounce!

There *is* a Café de la Coupole on the opposite side, above the Dome. Does Huddleston refer to that, or was it named from Huddleston?

Yours very truly,
MARCH G. BENNETT.

"M de T"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

At the suggestion of one of your subscribers, I am writing to ask a question: Audubon wrote telling of a visit from another naturalist referring to him as "M. de T," and I have been asking some of my friends "who was "M de T?" but so far no one has been able to tell.

If you can enlighten me as to the identification of this odd gentleman I shall be gratified.

ANDREW B. SPIERS.
Chicago.

First Editions

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

I have here a set of the two books called "The Years Between," by MM. Feval and Lassez, published in New York by Longmans, Green & Co. Around the jacket is a red band which blares: "More than 300,000 sold in France." On the reverse of the title page one reads "First Edition," *not* "First Edition in English," *not* "First American Edition." The thing reads "First Edition." It is difficult enough to recognize a first edition in many cases. But only the simplest collector would be deceived by this label. . . . . When is a first edition a first edition?

J. J. LIPSEY.
Colorado Springs.

Houston Stuart Chamberlain's Letters covering the years 1882-1924 have been gathered together into a volume recently issued in Munich by Bruckmann. They are the correspondence of one to whom letter-writing came by nature, and as the reflection of a controversial personality expressing itself to men of large importance, they are of high interest.

After you have read

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S

essay on PHYSICS and METAPHYSICS on page 910 of this issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW you will think of several of your friends who would enjoy seeing it. Just send us the names and addresses and we shall be glad to mail copies at our expense.

AS SOON AS POSSIBLE WE SHALL ANNOUNCE A SCHEDULE OF THE EXACT DATES ON WHICH THE FOLLOWING PROMINENT WRITERS WILL CONTRIBUTE TO THIS IMPORTANT SERIES OF ESSAYS:

GEORGE RUSSELL (A. E.)
HENRY L. MENCKEN
SENATOR BORAH
BOOTH TARKINGTON
WALTER LIPPMANN
JOHN B. WATSON
MARK SULLIVAN
ROBERT FROST

But in the meantime you will not wish to miss a single issue of

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

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In The Wood

By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH

CILIA'S Linda-doll lay on the path, shivered into unrecognizable chips and triangles and flakes of porcelain, the string of its necklace broken, the green glass beads rolling slowly into the crevices between the flagstones.

For the rest of her life Mrs. Vyning was to sicken at times when she remembered how in her fury she had raised her foot and trodden on the painted face and staring blue glass eyes, grinding the hollow china into fragments on the stone under her heel.

With an effort Mildred Vyning turned her eyes from Brum's inquiring face and looked towards Cilia. The little girl was walking quietly and deliberately away from her.

"Cilia, Cilia, dear," called Mildred, "come back, mother isn't cross with you any more."

NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH

Author of "The Tortoise-Shell Cat" and "The Housemaid"

"Go and fetch her, Brum."

"It wouldn't be any use," said Brum, "She's going to tell the children in the wood that you've trodden on the Linda-doll. One of them's her great friend."

¶ This simple statement by her small brother was the first indication of Cilia's invisible playmate, who remained with her even after childhood lay behind her—the invisible friend whom her husband made her promise to forget—but to whose understanding arms she finally went in the great crisis of her life. This story of Cilia is one of unusual charm, filled with humor and pervaded with a mysterious beauty that casts a spell on the reader's mind and heart. $2.50

Chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club for May

The Closed Garden

By JULIAN GREEN

Author of "Avarice House"

"A novel which has stirred me as few have in all my reading days. Julian Green might be as old as the hills for his uncanny knowledge of the turbulence of distressed hearts; and he might be in craftsmanship as matured as Conrad Thomas Mann or Galsworthy."—*Walter Yust* in the *Public Ledger.* $2.50

The Old Dark House

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

Now in its 10th printing. The mystery success of the season. If you can stop at page 158 without breaking the seal—this mystery novel costs you nothing. "We doubt if even a Scotchman takes up this offer, so swift and grim is the tale's action."—*Life.* $2.00

Sir Walter Raleigh

By MILTON WALDMAN

"Mr. Waldman in this beautifully written well-authenticated study re-establishing Raleigh in his true perspective as one of the greatest and most versatile and gifted worthies of the Elizabethan age."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.* $4.00

The Ways of Behaviorism

By JOHN B. WATSON

Author of "Behaviorism"

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The Saga of Cap'n John Smith

By CHRISTOPHER WARD

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$50.00 cash prize for the best rhymed review received by the publishers before August 1st. William Rose Benet will be the judge.

Jipping Street

By KATHLEEN WOODWARD

"The career of Kathleen Woodward has been one of the most remarkable in the modern literary world. . . In Jipping Street she tells the story of her childhood—a story essentially terrible, but pitifully softened in the telling by a love for human beings that is firmly grounded in understanding."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.* $2.50

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By CLARE SHERIDAN

"What a book! What a life! What a woman!" writes John Haynes Holmes of this frank autobiography of a daring woman with an unquenchable zest for life. *Illustrated.* $5.00

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By ROARK BRADFORD

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Possible Worlds

By J. B. S. HALDANE

"I have found it unbelievingly fascinating."—*George A. Dorsey.*

"One could afford to die a year earlier in exchange for the privilege of sharing the mind of Haldane only in so far as it is revealed in this book."—*Bruce Gould, N. Y. Evening Post.* $2.50

Henry Hudson

By LLEWELYN POWYS

"Llewellyn Powys has managed to capture the mood of a century. . . . It is a double drama, the adventure of a man, a hero and the adventure of two criss-crossing worlds."—*New York Times.* $4.00

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